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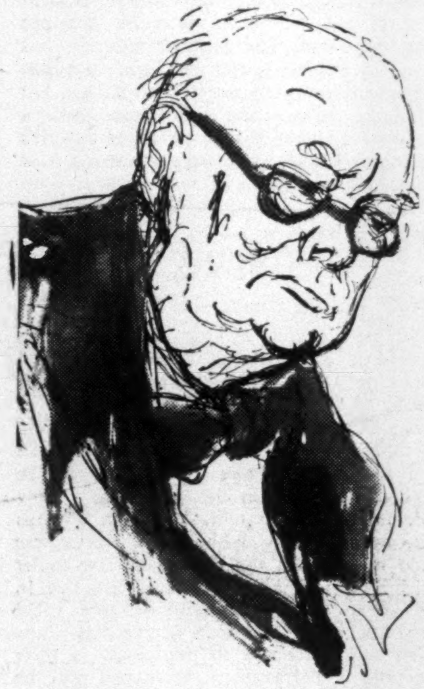

AGE OF CHURCHILL
by Randolph Churchill

★

WHY QUADROS FELL
by K. S. Karol

★

OLD AFRICA
by Basil Davidson

★

EDINBURGH
Demons and Lesbians

★

Critic's London Diary

★

ANTHONY CARSON
White Knight of Palma

The Old Obstructor

Who is holding up negotiations over Berlin? Until recently, the blame could be laid on Dr Adenauer's shoulders. He had, for years, shared the Dulles view that any change in Berlin's status must be to the West's disadvantage, that negotiation was itself an admission of weakness. In this he had the unequivocal support of General de Gaulle.

But the pattern has now changed. At the foreign ministers' meeting in Paris last month, Herr von Brentano was persuaded by his Anglo-US colleagues to admit both the need and the urgency of negotiations, indeed to abandon the original West German contention that talks must necessarily wait until after the federal elections. But at this point de Gaulle intervened and imposed an absolute veto: Mr Krushchev had created the crisis, he argued, and the initiative for talks must come from him. It has become known that Britain and the US are braced, in the last resort, to go ahead without France; but in the meantime they are forced by their desire to carry France with them as far as possible to make concessions in timing and method which are bound to lead to further delay – and may provoke Krushchev, whose own party congress draws nearer, into some extravagant act.

Why has France now become the chief obstacle to a settlement? Certainly, President de Gaulle's temperament is suited to such a role; but his real motives are probably more calculated. His North African policy has reached an impasse. The Evian talks have broken down, and can be resumed only at the price of further French concessions. In Bizerta, having conceded the principle of evacuation, he cannot, once conversations with Bourguiba start, avoid discussing its invidious details. Revolt in his army still simmers and could erupt if either of these two sets of negotiations lead, as they must, to a further French retreat. He is playing desperately for time.

In this context, outside 'interference' could prove politically fatal to him. De Gaulle knows well enough that it was the Anglo-US good offices commission in Tunis which provided the final straw to break the back of the Fourth Republic. Today, then, his first objective is to prevent any relaxation of tension over Berlin. For, so long as the Berlin crisis remains acute, the need for western unity will be paramount and will take absolute precedence over the claims of Bourguiba (or the FLN) in the eyes of western policy planners.

This cynical policy is unlikely to serve even de Gaulle's own short term purposes. Already the failure of Britain and the US to help Bourguiba over Bizerta (a direct consequence, as de Gaulle foresaw, of the Berlin crisis) has produced a palace revolution in the FLN, leading to the ousting of its pro-western wing – a shift which must obviously work to the disadvantage of France.

Moreover, it is unconscionable that de Gaulle's desire to safeguard France's remaining North African assets (an impossible task, in all probability) should be allowed to jeopardise a Berlin settlement – with all the incalculable consequences this may involve. The time has now come to call de Gaulle's bluff. At the forthcoming foreign ministers' meeting, Britain and the US must make it clear that they are determined to meet Krushchev, with or without France, and at a time and diplomatic level most likely to make the talks fruitful.

But, having decided the framework of the negotiations, it is equally vital to be clear on their substance. The Americans still seem to think, unlike responsible opinion here, that the Berlin detonator can be be removed without changing the anomalies of the 1945 settlement. They must now be led to recognise that the prime cause of tension in Central Europe is not the existence of the Iron Curtain but, paradoxically, its fragility – the consequence of the Berlin escape-route and the West's refusal to recognise East Germany. There will be no peace in Europe until the division of Germany is accepted as permanent; and peace in Central Europe is recognised as the overriding common interest we share with Russia.

Comments on the Week's News

Algeria

The FLN Turns Left

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The replacement of Ferhat Abbas at the head of the Algerian Provisional Government comes as no surprise. This one-time French deputy, who for long believed in Algerian assimilation with France, did not join the Algerian rebels in Tunis till two years after the revolt started. He was given office mainly because his name was well-known and he had political experience. He never exercised any great authority and many observers regarded him as little more than a figurehead. Indeed, he came near to resigning as long ago as January 1960. What is surprising, however, is the choice of his successor. Most people believed that, sooner or later, the leadership would devolve on Krim Belkacem, the sole survivor of the nine men who, in 1954, organised the revolt. Instead, the FLN has chosen Benyoussef Ben Khedda who, while an active participant in the revolt from its origins, has never enjoyed either the responsibility or the prestige of Belkacem. The appointment, then, is significant and reflects the evolution of the FLN during seven years of combat.

Ben Khedda, now aged 41, who with his militant background has always been popular with the military wing of the FLN, represents the younger generation of the nationalists whose aims are more ambitious that the mere attainment of Algerian independence. They are not merely rebels, they are revolutionaries. Ben Khedda himself is a man of the left, though not a Communist. While he held office in Messali Hadj's MTLD, he worked closely with the French CP, at any rate in Metropolitan France. In Algeria, however, his attitude towards the local Communists has been more reserved. He was the first FLN delegate to visit Peking, since when he has been known as *le chinois*. It seems he was greatly impressed by Mao Tse-tung, and the advice the latter gave him about how to organise Algeria after independence.

While Minister of Social Affairs in the Ferhat Abbas government, Ben Khedda disagreed with his leader about the chances of winning support from the western powers, and in particular about bringing Anglo-American pressure on France. This issue came to a head in January 1960, when Abbas won the day; Ben Khedda was forced to resign and since then has been out of office. During this time, however, the FLN did everything in its power to win western support and bring about successful negotiations with France. They failed on both counts, and since the latest Bizerta crisis, which proved that the US would always, in the last resort, side with France against small African states, the Abbas policy has collapsed. Hence, at the Tripoli meeting last week, the FLN leaders, under strong pressure from their field commanders, opted for Ben Khedda and inevitably a switch towards greater dependence on the eastern and the uncommitted blocs.

This should not be interpreted, however, as meaning that the FLN will now become a Soviet satellite. It simply means that, in present conditions, the Algerians believe that they are more likely to win by accepting help from the East rather than the West. Moreover, they have learnt from Cuba's experience – Ben Khedda has also visited Havana – that any attempt at 'economic de-colonialisation' will render difficult, if not impossible, any close collaboration with France, with its large vested interests in Algeria. They will not, of course, refuse to negotiate with de Gaulle, but Ben Khedda will clearly be a much more difficult man to bargain with than Abbas.

Congo

UN Shows its Teeth

Despite Sir Roy Welensky's complaints of illegality, the action of the UN in Katanga this week stems directly from the Security Council resolution of 21 February. According to this resolution all 'foreign military and paramilitary personnel and political advisers not under the United Nations command' were to be withdrawn from the Congo and evacuated. As the Katanga *gendarmerie* has been using about 500 European officers, many of them Belgian regulars, it has been clear since February that if the Security Council commands were to be obeyed, the operation would have to take place mainly in Katanga.

To be successful and avoid as much violent resistance as possible, the UN command needed two conditions. There had to be a recognisable central government. The establishment of the Adoula regime provides this. Their forces had to be able to move swiftly in Katanga itself. They have been strategically moved in during the past few weeks.

There may still be resistance, for the wholesale removal of officers leaves forces dangerously uncontrolled. It has been one of the crimes of these white officers that they did nothing to train Africans for responsibility. Yet the issue has now been rightly joined. Without Katanga mining revenues a Congo state cannot survive. Katanga ministers have tried to separate their wealthy province from the rest of the country and have recently been flirting with the South Africans and Rhodesians to underwrite their separation. The spectre of a white-controlled bloc running from Elisabethville to Lusaka, Salisbury and Johannesburg began to haunt the whole continent. This would have left the Congo itself destitute and have provided enough white-officered forces to subdue the rebellious Baluba tribesmen who, despite the publicised myth of Katanga peacefulness, have been waging civil war in the province against Tshombe's government. Probably a federal system is needed to keep the Congo provinces together, but federation is quite different from separation. The Security Council was right last February and its forces are not only loyally carrying out its instructions, but taking the only action which can make a Congo state viable. It is to be hoped that this running sore of Katanga separatism will now be finally healed.

Why Quadros Fell. K. S. Karol .. 265
London Diary. Critic 266
Old Africa. Basil Davidson 267
All Quiet in the Branch. R. C. Webber 268
The White Knight of Palma. A. Carson 268
Correspondence. Ian Mikardo, Vernon Bartlett, Lord Kilbracken, Prof. Michael Polanyi and others 272
Books in General: A Voluminous Pastiche. Randolph S. Churchill .. 275
Reviews. R. H. S. Crossman, David Marquand, J. P. W. Mallalieu, Steven Marcus, Asa Briggs, F. McGuinness 276
Arts and Entertainment. Francis Newton, Reyner Banham, George Melly, Roger Gellert, William Whitebait, Louis MacNeice 281
Week-end Competition 284
The Countryside. Edward Hyams .. 286
City Lights 286

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NEXT WEEK

Workers in the Stagnant Society

R. H. S. CROSSMAN MP

Profile of Willy Brandt

DAN JACOBSON

on Colin MacInnes

Angola

Salazar Ties the Knots

The new decree making all Africans in Portuguese territories full citizens of Portugal represents a last desperate attempt by Dr Salazar to bind Angola and Mozambique to Lisbon. Portuguese policy is invariably behind the times. This is precisely what the French tried and failed to accomplish. It might be claimed that common citizenship must imply a common legal system. Yet it is obvious that, even if they wished, the Portuguese could not abolish the customary law under which almost all their African subjects live. In this system the local administrators wield autocratic power. The new decree may allow a few more Africans to participate in their selection. Yet franchise rights will still be qualitative, dependent *inter alia* on literacy; and most Africans in the Portuguese colonies are illiterate. The real test of whether the decree leads to any genuine reform will be seen in the future attitude to African labour. Can Africans who are full citizens of Portugal still be subject to forced labour? If so, what is the value of citizenship? If not, the present system of labour in Angola will collapse.

It is significant that this new decree has been accomplished by a call to Portuguese soldiers to settle in Angola and by the threat that South African forces may be called on to help to restore order in the colony. The Portuguese are being virtually invited to seize land and pacify the country on similar lines to Cromwell's settlement of Ireland. They are promised South African help if they do not succeed. Yet the fact is that Africans in Angola and Mozambique will not consent to become Portuguese, whatever Salazar may tell them. Even if they wished to do so, and there is no evidence that they do, the rest of Africa would not allow any European power to establish itself permanently in their continent. The pressure of African politics now constantly stimulates nationalism, and will continue to do so until the last vestige of European rule is removed. Dr Salazar may try to tie another knot in the line between his colonies and Lisbon; but if he were less isolated from the world of today he would realise that he cannot hope to succeed where de Gaulle so quickly failed.

Labour Party

Shadow Politics

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes*: The dog days of August may yet provide a decisive trend in the affairs of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Mr George Brown's assertion of his position as deputy leader this week – with personal initiatives over both Berlin and Northern Rhodesia – is significant in itself. But when it is put alongside the mounting speculation about the distribution of rewards and penalties in the shape of front-bench portfolios in the next parliamentary session, what emerges is a hint of a change in the power pattern within the Parliamentary Labour Party.

Ever since his election to the deputy leadership last November, Mr Brown's position has been in a sense probationary. Although in the run-off contest for the job he eventually gained a clear-cut victory over Mr Fred Lee, he has always had to remember that in the original election – in which there were three candidates – there were no less than 55 pro-Gaitskell MPs who preferred Mr James Callaghan's claims to his own. Whether because of this or not, Mr Brown has up till now been content to carry on very much as before. As deputy leader of the party he has held exactly the same shadow portfolio as was conceded to him in 1958-9 when he had been thrown off the Shadow Cabinet. In formal terms he has been simply the party's chief spokesman on defence.

Towards the end of the summer parliamentary session, however, Mr Brown appeared irked by the restriction of his parliamentary activities. In the debate on Mr Selwyn Lloyd's 'Little Budget' he made a major – if scarcely successful – speech on economic policy. And he has never been slow to exercise his right (sometimes highly effectively) to intervene on any subject at Question Time.

If Mr Brown now insists on a move to some position more commensurate with his new-found status in the party, there will necessarily be some difficulty in placing him – unless he is content to take a roving commission. The obvious departmental position to which a deputy leader of the party could move with dignity is that of Shadow Foreign Secretary – and if that is Mr Brown's demand, Mr Gaitskell will almost certainly have to yield to it. Mr Denis Healey, alone of Labour's prominent front-benchers, has never been allowed to use the title of a shadow minister. He has remained, significantly, merely the 'parliamentary party spokesman on Foreign Affairs'.

But if Mr Brown takes over from Mr Healey, it would at one blow destroy one of the few personal reputations Labour has succeeded in building up whilst in opposition. It would also arouse suspicion. For months past, Mr Healey has been one of the more determined right-wing opponents of the Common Market, and his attitude has brought down upon him the wrath of, in particular, Mr George Brown. If Mr Healey were in November to be removed from the post in which he has served with distinction, those who are already suspicious of the leadership's designs on the European issue would take it as a highly inflammatory gesture.

Yet to be wary of this particular change is not to be opposed to any. If Mr Brown's apparent desire to find some other sphere in place of defence – as well as Mr Callaghan's determination to take a break from colonial affairs – were to trigger off some changes in the present image of Labour as an alternative government the result would probably be beneficial.

One of the actions that deserves to be counted firmly to Mr Gaitskell's credit is the adventurous and enterprising apportionment of shadow responsibility that he made immediately after the 1959 election. It took courage as well as imagination to appoint (over some fairly hefty trade union objections) Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn in charge of transport – or, for that matter, to give Mrs Barbara Castle the principal watching brief over the Ministry of Works. Both appointments turned out to be successes – and when they finally came to grief it was for reasons far removed from performance in the Commons.

Since that time, however, Labour's front bench has worn an increasingly dowdy look. With so many prominent figures – including Mr Richard Crossman and Mr Anthony Greenwood – in self-appointed exile on the back benches, that is perhaps inevitable. But when the time comes for Mr Gaitskell to make next year's appointments he should seize the opportunity to brighten up his team. One of the more disturbing aspects of Labour's present front bench of almost 40 is that – with only half-a-dozen exceptions – it consists of people who have been members of the House of Commons since the 1945 parliament or even before that.

Town Planning

A Real Plan

A Special Correspondent writes: Plan boldly, urged Lord Reith on becoming first Minister of Town and Country Planning in 1943, and posterity will bless you for it. For a while the 1945 Labour government did; and today the new towns stand as a splendid monument to practical idealism in planning. Labour's 1947 Town and Country Planning Act, largely retained by the Conservatives, has also saved most of Britain from degenerating into the visual squalor that is the trade mark of unrestrained private enterprise. Now, after an anti-planning decade, town planning is again a live political subject as its dire necessity becomes more starkly apparent: just what do we do about the huge increase in people, houses, jobs and cars which must occur between now and 1980?

The Labour Party has already advocated the public ownership of land needed for development and redevelopment. Workable though this would be, it would not achieve the once-for-all settlement which is so desirable. Today's issue of *Socialist Commentary* carries a manifesto on 'The Face of Britain' containing a proposal which would achieve it. This is that the freehold of all land be vested in regional planning authorities; that a statutory life of up to 80 years be put on all buildings; that the former freeholders continue to lease them for this period, initially rent-free but with an annual levy from the seventh year to recoup the public half of the increase in site values; and that, at the end of the statutory life, both land and buildings revert to the public, the former owners then being compensated for their loss. Special safeguards are included for owner-occupiers and non-profit-making organisations, and the whole scheme is argued cogently through the inevitable complexities.

For this alone the document merits most careful study by the Labour Party. But it also contains a great deal else of value. From an informed and scathing analysis of the inadequacies of post-war planning, a set of proposals emerges which could become the blue-print for action by a Labour government. Principal among them is the establishment of a high-powered Ministry of Town and Country Planning charged with securing a good regional balance in the distribution of jobs and people, and a pattern of communications to promote it. Below the Ministry would be eight or ten regional planning authorities who would prepare 20-year plans for the development of their areas.

Within this recast administrative framework several objectives are outlined. In the next 20 years we shall have to build six million houses, and at the same time redevelop vast areas of our cities and towns. Something like 20 new towns should be built, containing homes, work and the requirements of modern life for two million people. Some of them would be relatively small, others, through the expansion of strategically placed towns, large regional centres to counter the pull and dominance of London and other overcrowded and overgrown cities. Extensive renewal of decayed and obsolete housing and commercial areas should not only make them safe, seemly and efficient, but should recreate a community structure of neighbourhoods and even new towns within cities. And, because planning is for people, the overriding aim should be the widest possible choice of dwellings in whatever general environment people may choose to live.

This authoritative, complete and vigorous manifesto, written by a group combining several town planners and architects, two economists, a sociologist, geographer, valuer and journalist, is an outstanding contribution to the discussion of what may turn out to be the central domestic problem of the next generation.

Common Market

Australia Plays for Time

A Correspondent in Sydney writes: Australians began to panic about the Common Market only after Britain's decision to open negotiations. It became clear that if even Britain had to negotiate, Australia's chances of extracting concessions from Common Market countries must be small; and in any case Britain will have enough trouble trying to protect its own farmers without worrying about those 12,000 miles away.

It is the farmers who will be hit most directly – particularly the producers of dairy foods, meat, wheat, sugar and fruit. (The wool growers, like the minerals producers, have little to worry about.) Leaving wool aside, Australia sold £170m. of primary products to Britain in 1959-1960 and now sees little hope of competing with Common Market wheat, butter, apples and sugar. The Minister for Trade recently summed up the primary producers' attitude when he described the Common Market as 'the most gigantic obstacle to *international* trading in world history'.

Australia's strategy now is to secure direct participation in the UK-Common Market negotiations, and if Britain decides to join, to prolong the transition period to the maximum. It cannot expect Britain alone to guarantee Australian interests but it hopes that German, Italian and French plans for expanding exports to Australia will strengthen its hand. Meanwhile a special Cabinet committee (which will sit almost continually) has been set up to brief representatives at the European talks.

Otherwise the main hope is to expand trade with Asian countries which already take a quarter of Australian exports. The best customer is Japan which bought two-thirds as much as Britain bought last year and is the biggest buyer of Australian wool. She buys mainly raw materials, but in exchange for Australian support for her membership of GATT she may also take Australian foodstuffs such as butter. Apart from Japan, however, and China, which last year was the biggest buyer of Australian wheat, the other Asian countries are prevented by balance of payments difficulties from buying much from Australia. European loans may ease these difficulties but pressure from Australian trade missions and market research is being intensified to make the most of the Asian market.

Japan

Two-faced Neutrality

A Correspondent in East Asia writes: Japan's formal criticism, in a foreign office Blue Book, of what it describes as 'defenceless neutrality' has come as a surprise. The surprise is not caused by the content of the statement – the antipathy of Japan's ruling party to neutralism is known well enough – but by its timing. It comes on the eve of the non-aligned nations' meeting at Belgrade and on the heels of Anastas Mikoyan's departure from Japan.

Mikoyan in Japan spoke of neutrality several times. Soviet leaders and spokesmen usually do on such visits. Ikeda and the other Japanese government leaders retorted with gibes which are also familiar. The answers were nevertheless effective because they were immediate and well prepared. But they did not represent the views of everybody. On the unofficial level neutrality is popular not only with the Communists but also among Socialists, who have a wide following, and not only among the powerful trade unions. More important, in addition to the Socialists, there is a large and clamant body of far-from-Socialist businessmen who would welcome some kind of neutrality – at least in practice. And that, it is thought, may very well afford a clue to why a formal statement against neutrality was thought necessary. It may be a protestation of good faith for the benefit of those who feel Japan is paying overmuch attention to winning Communist markets, and whose good will and custom Japan does not want to lose.

Ikeda's government has adopted a plan to double the national income in the next decade. The intention is to increase the *per capita* income from the present $300 to $579. To do this, Japan must look continuously for cheap raw materials and for markets to sell its finished goods in. It must be prepared to deal with countries regardless of political colour. And of course it cannot possibly afford to increase its defence budget. This makes the security pact with America necessary in the eyes of Ikeda and his colleagues, who see the danger of aggression from its Communist neighbours as very real.

Trade with China, which ended completely after the 1958 Nagasaki flag incident, is picking up again. Both China and Japan need to trade with each other. But China continues to press for formal arrangements, while Japan prefers trading on a 'private' basis under which China chooses 'friendly' Japanese firms (mostly agents to bigger, well-known firms) to do business with. Japan is also looking for markets in Mongolia, despite US hostility. All this has sent shudders of apprehension through Taipei, Manila, etc. Japan, with its ambidextrous skill, has gained a foothold in these markets, and it intends to hold on. But it cannot unless it lulls the fears of these anti-Communist governments. Hence the formal statement against neutrality.

Fleet Street

Macawber's Come-uppance

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: Mr Macmillan's discovery at the 18th hole of Gleneagles golf course that the Berlin crisis 'is all got up by the press' has made even some of those newspapers which have been trying desperately hard during the last few weeks to repair the damage done to the Prime Minister's reputation by some of his performances in the closing sessions of parliament wonder if it is all worth while. Unflappability is all very well and no one can deny that in its day it was as good a brand image as even Colman, Prentis and Varley could have thought up – if, indeed, they did not actually do so. But this last demonstration of Macmillan's determination to show himself as good a Prime Minister as Stanley Baldwin has rocked even the faithful.

Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express*, in fact, could not at first bring itself to report it, despite a double-column headline on its first page: 'From The Fairway At Gleneagles'. Or perhaps its reporter there just could not believe his ears, for he gave everything else the Prime Minister said in that disastrous impromptu talk to newspaper men. None of the other Sunday papers was so discreet. 'Holidays are meant to refresh not intoxicate', remarked the *Sunday Telegraph* grimly, 'to restore judgment rather than to induce euphoria.' 'Macmillan Drops A Silly Brick', said the *Sunday Pictorial* more bluntly across the whole of its front page.

'This really is intolerable', declared the *Daily Express* on Monday, making up for the curious lapse of its Sunday sister. 'Does Mr Macmillan know what is going on in Berlin?' 'Unflappability can be carried too far', said the *Mail*, brooding at column length on the influence of golf on world politics over the years. 'Those remarkably stupid words on the 18th fairway', grumbled the *Sketch*. 'Is Prime Minister Macmillan living in the same world as other people?' asked the *Mirror*. 'Coolness is no substitute for leadership', added the *Herald*.

However, Mr Macmillan's macabre idea of a good golfing joke had one worthwhile effect. It stimulated a large part of the press to give in much more concrete terms than it had previously done its views of the general British public reaction to the Berlin situation. It is to be hoped that Mr Macmillan has found time to read them in between improving his putting. Let us begin with the biggest circulation in the world. The *News of the World* is not normally an intellectual giant in public – as opposed to private – affairs but one may presume it has by now a fair idea of what its 6,733,000 paying customers and probably close on 18 million readers think about the idea that they might find themselves in a war over West Berlin – and about Mayor Brandt's and Chancellor Adenauer's recent speeches, 'Let's get Berlin in right perspective', it demanded in black type underlined. 'It is valueless to the West. We and the Americans have merely got ourselves into the position of saving face by not getting out. . . . Let's stop pampering the Germans who have twice in 25 years devastated Europe. . . . We would suggest evacuating all West Berlin westwards and let the Russians have the city. . . Berlin is not a reason to risk a war.' 'It is not only the Russians and the Americans who are acting provocatively . . .', the *Daily Express* pointed out. 'Is Mr Macmillan aware of the uncompromisingly hostile statements of his Foreign Secretary? . . . The Berlin crisis can be solved by getting round a conference table as soon as possible.'

The need for an immediate conference was, indeed, emphasised in almost every section of the press. 'There is a deep-felt popular wish to seek negotiation before the tension in Berlin is stretched to breaking point', said the *Sunday Times*, urging that if General de Gaulle maintained his present intransigence Britain should try to persuade the US to act with us alone. 'The Berlin crisis can be solved only if the statesmen get together to talk sense instead of nonsense', declared the *Mirror*. 'We shall feel easier when the statesmen are safely round a table talking to one another', agreed the *Daily Mail*; and the *Herald* called on Mr Macmillan to use 'any influence with Mr Kennedy that he thinks he still possesses to urge the need for prompt negotiation'. Whatever Mr. Macmillan may or may not think of the press responsibility for the Berlin crisis in his less euphoric moments, he can now be in no doubt as to its practically unanimous opinion on how the crisis should be ended.

Perhaps he will also see that a digest is sent to President Kennedy. However, this may not be necessary, for Mr Kennedy, I am pleased to hear, recently had a Reuters tape installed at the White House in order to get both his British and his world news straight. 'I have been asked to tell you', Pierre Salinger, his Press Secretary, told the head of the Reuters Washington Bureau publicly at a press conference, 'that you fellows at Reuters run a damn good tape.' So they do. This fact is now beginning to make an impression not only at the White House but on an increasing number of US newspapers – as I found when I was there.

One direct and concrete result is that this week Reuters is inaugurating a new service by leased Atlantic cable in addition to its radio links in order to keep up with business expansion – an historic step in its way. The American press is in some ways one of the most insular in the world, and the grip of the Associated Press and the United Press on the American market so tight that it is no small triumph for a British agency to get not only into the White House but into a growing number of American newspapers, some of whom were made particularly aware of its value as a reporter of fact during the Cuban invasion.

Reuters deserves its success. This has been built up since the war on a meticulous determination to do its best to report the news straight, wherever it comes from and wherever it is going to. With nothing like the advantage in running costs given to AP and UP by a mass home market its service is now bought by newspapers and agencies in more than 100 countries and territories including the USSR and China as well as the United States. Reuters of course is only human, and I dare say it slips now and then. But by and large it does an immense amount to balance all the slanted news from one source or another which is transmitted about the world.

Why Quadros Fell

K. S. KAROL

The dramatic resignation of President Quadros – and the efforts made to prevent the constitutional succession of his Vice-President, Jango Goulart – concerns not only Brazil but the whole of Latin-America. The President of the largest country in the continent has been forced to abdicate, only ten months after a landslide electoral victory, under the pressure of what he calls 'obscure forces'. I am sure that my friends in Mexico, Venezuela and Guatemala will be debating what exactly Quadros meant by this phrase. They will not, however, find the answer in their local newspapers.

Everyone knows that the Latin Americans suffer from an *anti-Yanqui* complex, and that they have many and varied complaints, some doubtless justified, against the US. The *graffiti* on the walls of Mexico City, Caracas and even in Guatemala bear eloquent witness to this emotion. But if you open the local newspapers, you will find nothing but fulsome praise of the US and passionate condemnation of Castro's Cuba. I have so far failed to discover a single independent newspaper in Latin America which is now pro-Castro. Some observers will reply: this is an unimportant detail – the press counts for little in this area. I don't agree: this phenomenon is, in my view, an excellent illustration of the way in which the 'obscure forces' work.

Initially, the US and their allies further south looked on the Cuban revolution with approval. Castro got a good press, and even after his first radical reforms he continued to enjoy the support of several big Latin American papers. In Mexico, a country which claims to have a 'permanent revolution', such solidarity seemed natural. In Venezuela, Castro's revolution coincided with the fall of the Perez Jimenez regime. Hence, in Caracas, the proprietor of a chain of newspapers threw open his columns to the partisans of *Fidelismo*. Then, one day last year, he summoned all his senior writers and editors and announced: 'From now on, not a line in favour of Castro. On the contrary, you must denounce him with the maximum force and conviction!' Similar conferences are said to have been held in Mexico, indeed throughout Latin-America. Had the owners of these papers been overnight inflicted with a crisis of conscience, and decided that Castro had 'betrayed his revolution'? Certainly not. They had simply been told that advertisements from most of the US firms would be withdrawn unless the line was changed. In view of the magnitude of US investment in the area, and the ramifications of US subsidiaries, such an ultimatum was decisive.

The machinery of pressure operates in many other fields. It is not enough to stop writing for Castro: one must actively oppose *Fidelismo*. In Mexico and Venezuela, for instance, non-Communist university professors who maintain an independent stand on Cuba have become the victims of vicious press campaigns. The Rector of Mexico University, the Director of the Institute of Political Science, and the editor of the campus newspaper, to mention only three examples, have been savagely pillaried in *El Excellsior*. This paper, I was told, was the first to receive a courtesy visit from Mr Thomas Mann, the new US ambassador.

Such pressures operate throughout the business, social and political establishment of Latin America. Even a luke-warm Castro sympathiser finds himself an economic pariah. A Mexico cinema proprietor, who – accidentally, as it happened – signed a pro-Castro manifesto last year, lost all his screen advertisements the next day and has been unable to raise a bank-loan to carry on. Worse: if you visit Cuba, even on holiday – and Cuba used to be the Côte d'Azur of Central America – you will find it extremely difficult to get a visa to the US. On returning from Havana, you are photographed by the immigration authorities and your names filed with the FBI and the local security police.

I could cite many more examples to show that a sort of anti-Cuba madness now possesses the US industrial and financial communities in all these countries. I say madness, because the consequences are disastrous for the US. When the American press itself rages against Castro, it is taken seriously by public opinion, for Americans really believe their press is free and honest. This explains why most of them, including the bulk of the intellectuals, have accepted the mythology of the anti-Cuban campaign.

But in Latin America even schoolchildren accept that the press is suspect and that one must often believe the opposite to what it says. Opinion there is particularly hostile to the dispatches from US news agencies which supply the bulk of the news. This explains why the students in Mexico City and Caracas remain loyal to Castro, though their only public sources of information paint a horrifying picture of events in Havana. General Cardenas, whom I visited recently at his farm in Michoacan, told me that this was also true of the peasants.

Hence the economic ruling class – US businessmen and local landowners – is engaged in an elaborate charade of self-deception. They alone believe what they read in the papers they control. Every day, the gap between them and the rest of the population widens. This gap is producing virtual social disintegration. Terrified of any form of non-conformity, among politicians or intellectuals, the anti-Castro crusaders are rapidly throwing in their lot with the worst elements in Latino society: the cliques of military plotters, as in Venezuela, and the fanatic *politicos* of the far right. Today, any reformist gesture by governments provokes business panic and a flight of capital.

Venezuela is a case in point. Romulo Bettancourt was elected in December 1958 by a centre-left coalition on a programme of moderate social reform; in Caracas, the radical left-wing candidate got three times his votes, and in view of this Bettancourt was obliged to extend his coalition further to the left. His government, initially, was therefore representative, but at the same time in no sense anti-American. Yet the response of US business to his legislative programme was hostile. It was made clear that American oil, mining and construction firms were not interested in further development of a country whose economic and political 'stability' could not be guaranteed, and the hint was followed by the withdrawal of capital – and inevitable stagnation and unemployment. How could Bettancourt 'regain the confidence of the business community', to use the formula current in Caracas? Simply by easing out suspect members of his government, and providing guarantees in the form of daily anti-Castro statements.

This is the pattern President Bettancourt has followed. But even so he is not trusted. One of the biggest US investors in Venezuela explained to me, at length, that Bettancourt was a crypto-Communist and that, if he were not afraid of the army, he would be just as dangerous as Castro. A great many US businessmen in Caracas bitterly regret the departure of Perez Jimenez, a man, they say, who knew how to maintain order and inspire confidence.

Their counterparts in Brazil were filled with panic when Janio Quadros was elected. When I was in Havana recently I met many Brazilian friends of Quadros, notably the deputy Wilmar Orlando Dias. They assured me that Quadros's pre-election visit to Havana was not a simple manoeuvre to win votes on the left, but a gesture of admiration for what Castro has accomplished – the total liberation of his country from US economic and political control. 'Quadros', Orlando told me, 'does not believe that Cuba is Communist, or that the Americans are determined to smash him simply because the hammer and the sickle flies in Havana. Even if Fidel had Donald Duck as his symbol American business circles would still try to destroy him. His crime has got nothing to do with doctrine – it is the fact that he has ended the dominance of the big US corporations. We are all, in varying degrees, in the same cage, and even if we plan to use different methods to Castro, our object is the same: to free ourselves from the political and economic grip of the US.'

We were watching together the great 26 July parade in Havana, and, despite the singing of the *Internationale* and the pro-Soviet slogans, my Brazilian friends assured me that Cuba would not become a People's Democracy – provided it was allowed to develop normally and maintain economic relations with western countries and other Latin American states. Despite his own economic difficulties, Quadros sent a commercial delegation to Cuba, which is in Havana now. In the eyes of the US-Brazilian business community, this was an unpardonable sin. Quadros was a threat to the economic isolation of Cuba. His political destruction was thus necessary.

Tragically, the fall of Quadros provides further evidence that Latin American states cannot break out of their cages by peaceful means. A growing number of Latin Americans feel a sense of humiliation, at being forced to read press reports inspired by Washington, at being prevented from going to Cuba, at the relentless and successful pressure on their political and economic affairs. Just to tell them that Castro is a Communist will not stifle this emotion. In the first place, they do not regard such assertions as objective; in any case, Communism does not inspire the same fear south of the Rio Grande. To be sure, revolutions, civil wars are wanted by nobody; if there were a peaceful path to prosperity and independence, all would follow it. But is there?

If I were Castro I would send a telegram of congratulation to the 'obscure forces' which removed Quadros. For it is these forces which are really exporting the Cuban revolution to the rest of the continent. They are the people who are convincing more and more Latin Americans that the moderate, non-violent methods of Quadros will not work, that there is no alternative between remaining in the cage or opting for *Fidelismo*.

London Diary

CRITIC

I am greatly looking forward to being present at the conference of non-aligned states in Belgrade this week. No one there will pretend that the danger in Berlin has been blown up by the press or suggest that negotiations should wait for a more suitable time and atmosphere. If the time to negotiate is not when token forces of nuclear powers are spitting at each other across city barriers, then there may never be a suitable time. The non-aligned powers demand an end to this ghastly nonsense; they do not regard negotiations as a means of scoring victories and are not content to remain merely calm and firm in the hope that we are not destroyed by an accident in the meantime. The Belgrade conference will be the biggest top level affair ever to be held outside the United Nations. It differs from Bandung partly because there are now more ex-colonial nations and partly because many of them are now surer of themselves, less troubled with chips on their shoulders and well aware that if they act together they may have a decisive voice at the United Nations. As host, Tito will preside at the opening session; he knows both worlds and is under no illusions about either the western or Soviet threat to the independence of small nations. On the colonial issues which will come up – Bizerta, Angola, the Congo, Algeria, Goa and West Irian are all likely to be on the agenda – I should not expect much difference of opinion. On these issues, Nehru and Nkrumah will be at one with Tito, Nasser and Sukarno, the three men most responsible for the conference. They will all agree too on disarmament.

* * *

Perhaps the spotlight has been too vividly turned upon Nehru, whose remarks easily make news stories, and whose support is almost daily canvassed by diplomatic personages from one or other camp. His comments, as his speech on 25 August makes clear, have not been inconsistent; they give that impression only because, when each camp is in full propagandist spate, any neutral effort to state both sides of the case is liable to annoy one capital or the other. Thus, he questions the western case about the *illegality* of Soviet action in Berlin, but supports the West in condemning its *unwisdom*. In some form or other the upshot of the conference is likely to be a demand for United Nations intervention before the symbolic stone-throwing in Berlin has turned into the actual throwing of H-bombs.

* * *

In 1933, Hitler-time, a man with a stiff moustache came to see me. He passed by the name of Ernst Henri; he was a Russian, a member, I think, of the German Communist Party. He wrote a book called *Hitler Over Europe* which was prophetic about Nazi plans, but, unhappily, quite wrong in believing that German Communists would be able to maintain resistance to Hitler. A couple of his over-optimistic articles appeared in this journal. During the war he became the editor of the *Soviet Weekly* in this country. The other day, to my surprise, I learnt that he was still going strong, doing a similar job in Russia. A series of his articles have been translated from the Moscow *Literary Gazette*. His theme is once again German *revanchisme*. Some of his statements seem a bit wild, or at any rate unsubstantiated, but his general thesis is only too convincing. He demonstrates that the German General Staff has had a continuous separate existence which treats wars, victories and defeats merely as incidents. He quotes General Eisenhower, in his post-war mood, as saying that security depends on completely destroying the German General Staff. It is professionally committed to the conquest and domination of Europe for which today, as always, it persuades the politicians to provide it with the most up-to-date weapons. In the Thirties its allies were the Junkers. Now it relies on the Catholic group around Adenauer. Henri also says that the present Staff has military bases in Spain and Portugal and is seeking them in Africa and elsewhere. In short, it is re-establishing the German Hinterland – which now includes Wales. That Labour MPs should be disciplined for objecting to advertising our defeat in the last war and accepting German leadership in still another, defies comment.

* * *

Sefton Delmer, whose wartime service gave him as much knowledge as anyone of German Intelligence, recently described in the *Sunday Telegraph* how General Gehlen, who from 1942 until the end of the war was responsible for Soviet operations, managed to escape publicity and at the end of the war to cash in on the American army belief that the next enemy was the Soviet Union. After pointing out that Gehlen doubtless preferred anonymity and takes precautions not to be recognised, Delmer gives a description of him (with photograph before he grew a moustache) and describes how he managed to convince many American generals of his unique virtue as a 'spy-chief' against the USSR. Good material here for another Ernst Henri article in the Soviet press.

* * *

An Afrikaner industrialist, Dr Andries Visser, who is a member of the Atomic Energy Board, has proposed that South Africa should have its own status symbol (as he calls it) in the form of A-bombs. He explains that the Republic would then be in a better position to defend itself against the 'loud-mouthed Afro-Asian states'. Though another member of the Board has denied any immediate intention to make A-bombs, the Nationalist press takes the suggestion seriously. The declining market for uranium (a by-product of gold-mining in the Rand) is likely to make the idea popular with influential people in South Africa. The Republic is probably one of the countries which has the resources to produce the bomb, and a new horror is conjured up of South Africans, Portuguese and other Europeans in Africa using nuclear weapons to subjugate the resurgent African populations.

* * *

The murder of Dr Ao, leader of the Nagas who have accepted the status of Nagaland as an autonomous state within the Indian union, is a tragedy for his people and for India. He had a fine record as a doctor and patriot; he was murdered by a member of a small group of irreconcilables who denounce any settlement with Delhi as criminal. India was slow to realise the strength of the Naga independence movement, and much ill-will was created by the brutal behaviour of some Indian soldiers. They were afterwards punished, but the memory of their brutality remained. The total number of Nagas involved is some 300,000 to 400,000. No one had threatened the cultural or tribal life of the Nagas, and the fact that a handful of them are still willing to fight for a mythical independence outside the Indian union illustrates one of the world's less tractable problems. Clearly the Nagas cannot constitute a viable sovereign state – whatever that means in a technically unified world. One of the unanswerable arguments for some form of world government, – that is, for a centre of power which does not permit national fighting – is that within it any group, whether the size of Germany or Rutland, could be independent just because there would be no danger of its becoming 'sovereign'.

* * *

A new paper has appeared called *Man and Society* (price 2s 6d twice annually). It deals with the problem of homosexuality. It should interest everyone who is prepared to use his mind and not only his bowels when considering public questions. It contains contributions from J. B. Priestley, the Rev. Timothy Beaumont (the enterprising clergyman who has revived *Time and Tide*), well-known psychologists, biologists and lawyers. But I commend it chiefly for its extensive summary of last summer's full dress debate on the Wolfenden Report. A sweetly reasonable editorial commentary is printed side by side with the speeches. When I finished reading it I felt that there was literally no argument for retaining the present law. On the one side was reason; on the other – Mr John Gordon. I would like anyone who disagrees to tell me why. The case against the Wolfenden proposals seems to me parallel to that made by people who were sure that the nation would go to the dogs unless children of 16 were hanged for stealing 6d. Mr Butler's evasions confirmed my view; he is personally enlightened, but accepts his colleagues' fear of the electoral results of doing what he knows to be right. Apart from prejudice and ignorance there is no case for delay. Mr Beaumont puts it succinctly when he says that there is 'no advantage whatsoever in delaying reform. The disadvantages are obvious: injustice, blackmail, persecution, the legal justification for bigotry, contempt for the law.'

* * *

I have been reading an agreeable little book which records the life of Ellis Rowan, a remarkable Australian woman who hunted for wild flowers with the enthusiasm with which a love-lorn Englishman is supposed to hunt rhinoceroses, and painted them with a care and fidelity which has made her collection of thousands of species a record of scientific value. *Wild Flower Hunter* by H. J. Samuel (Constable) has the additional interest of being charmingly illustrated by Maie Casey, who is the wife of Lord Casey and who is herself an artist as well as an air pilot. Ellis Rowan's adventures remind me of Mary Kingsley. They both wore bonnets and long petticoats and, to the astonishment of everyone, explored wild jungles and unfriendly country in days when white women were not accustomed to wandering about the world by themselves. If Mary Kingsley poked leopards with her own umbrella and was only saved by her skirts from death in an elephant trap, Ellis Rowan trod on crocodiles, hung over precipices in search of new specimens and was caressed by snakes while she painted in the jungle. Both claim to be scientifically committed; my own view is that they were both adventurers.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A curfew for girls is urged by our JP because the streets here are so unsafe for them at night. Well now, if it is as bad as that – and indeed it is – one reason for the ill behaviour of the nasty young men is the display of *nude* dummies in the shop windows. Is it all that necessary to display undressed figures in the front of windows? Even left in the windows after closing hours . . . To my mind it is highly indelicate. – Letter in *She* (A. Simonon.)

A law to protect the interests of children left alone by their parents during bingo sessions is asked for in a letter sent by the Young People's Union to the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary. It asks that a law be introduced to make it compulsory for either the promoters of bingo, or the players, to find alternative accommodation and amusement for the children. If no action is taken, says the letter, the union will hold demonstrations outside bingo halls. – *Guardian* (H. E. Rank.)

I am horrified to hear on the wireless that there is to be a village in Sussex for yet more refugee children. Surely the British ratepayer has done more than enough to help these projects, mostly offspring of our late enemies; why must we keep accepting any flotsam from Europe? – Letter in *Eastbourne Gazette* (P. J. Tighe.)

More Light on Old Africa

BASIL DAVIDSON

New thought about the pre-European past of continental Africa – 'Black Africa' south of the Sahara – continues on its exciting and revolutionary way. Thirty-three years ago Sir Reginald Coupland, author of history books which at once became standard food for students in British universities, could complacently declare that until the middle of the 19th century 'the main body of the Africans had had . . . no history. They had stayed, for untold centuries, sunk in barbarism . . . stagnant, neither going forward nor going back'.

No Africanist would think of writing anything like that today. On the contrary, there is far advanced a complete reconstruction of familiar attitudes to old Africa – a re-thinking of African history that is broadly comparable with the re-thinking of world history which followed the great archaeological discoveries of the past half century in the Middle and Far East. Now it is Africa's turn to be drawn within the chart and blueprint of man's social growth since Old Stone Age times.

This new approach was manifest once again at London's third conference on African archaeology and history, held this summer under the aegis of the School of Oriental and African Studies. In some ways even more successful than its two notable forerunners of 1953 and 1957, this gathering of specialists from many countries – happily with a larger sprinkling of Africans than before – boldly blew some wide new gaps in a familiar mythology which has generally conceived of pre-European Africa as socially inert, fatally isolated from the main streams of civilised development, and hopelessly fragmented within itself.

Through these gaps there begins to emerge a quite different description of Africa: a complex and highly mobile picture of a variety of peoples who were closely bound to the outside world at certain key points and periods; who took themselves from one recognisably distinctive phase of society to another confronting and solving the same order of natural and social problems as those that faced other branches of humanity; and who retained, nothwithstanding many contrasts, great unity in their diversity. Patient effort and research during these past four years, aided now by increasingly generous Foundation grants, and helped as always by the pick and shovel of Public Works Departments (the crude but useful infantry of all archaeological advance in Africa), have once again emphasised the three great themes of growth, interaction and inner coherence.

Along this line of thought there were some memorable moments during the London conference discussions. One of our best Nubian experts opined that too much accent had been laid on Egyptian influence in the old African civilisation of Kush on the Middle Nile (c. 800 BC to c. AD 300). A distinguished art historian, reflecting on the view that Nigeria's great sculptural arts had owed their inspiration to Egypt and Kush, remarked that he was 'more and more inclined to think that Egypt had owed more to Negro Africa than the other way round'. Either of these simple propositions must have raised sceptical eyebrows a dozen years ago or less; this month they passed without comment.

Perhaps the most interesting development on the archaeological side – at least for a non-specialist audience – lay in the tracing of origins of these same Nigerian arts. When the remarkable brass and terracotta heads and figures of Ife and Benin first came to European notice some 50 or 60 years ago, they were automatically attributed to Renaissance or Portuguese influence. Even nowadays one can sometimes hear it argued that 'portrait heads' as beautiful and apparently eccentric as these must surely have taken their model, if not their actual workmanship, from the genius of some stray Mediterranean sculptor who had found his way to the lands of the Lower Niger in medieval times. Where else, after all, should one look for their artistic ancestry? Archaeology has now provided an African answer which, though not yet final, is reasonably complete.

This answer lies in the Nok Culture, a label given to a vast spread of terracotta figurines, larger figures, heads and busts – associated with early iron-age artifacts – which have come to light in the confluence region of the rivers Niger and Benue. By great good luck a large number of these objects could be recovered from the broadly dateable strata of tin-mining holes; and radio-carbon tests have since confirmed that this culture flourished about 2,000 years ago. The rise of Ife occurred more than 1,000 years later (or maybe about 700 years after the 'end' of the Nok period), and the intervening years have still to be bridged and explained. Yet recent excavation has greatly enlarged the probability that Nok was nonetheless ancestral to Ife, at least in a large sense of the word.

Thus it is now known that the Nok people were widely spread across central Nigeria, and extended towards the area where the Yoruba nation afterwards grew to greatness and evolved their fine sculpture at Ife. And it is also recognised that this later and much more imposing Ife work had stylistic affinities with the art of Nok. An unbroken relation may be seen to have linked the culture of early iron-age people in Nigeria with brasses and bronzes that were cast in Benin down to the late 19th century (and whose sadly slapdash descendants are still being cast in Benin to this day).

In Ghana, meanwhile, a purely archaeological demonstration of the pre-European existence of fine metal-working in West Africa has resulted from excavations at Akwapim, some 35 miles north of Accra. Here there is a large number of mounds whose origins and nature are obscure. A four-foot trench cut from top to bottom of one of these mounds, through a vertical distance of 25 feet, has now produced brass objects of a workmanship that it said to be exquisite. These objects were found in largest quantity, moreover, in the lower part of the mound at levels that were below the occurrence of European trade goods such as beads and smoking pipes: they afford, in other words, another reasonably strong proof that brass-casting was well understood before the arrival of the Portuguese or other Europeans in the Gulf of Guinea. This discovery expands an already impressive body of evidence about local skills in the smelting and casting of metals, and adds once again to the widening picture of African cultural achievement.

Elsewhere it is the same story. It is now increasingly seen that the transition from Old to New Stone Age – from 'food-gathering' to 'food-growing' – took place along distinctive lines in sub-Saharan Africa: certainly with much influence from the north, but with 'Black Africa' repeatedly achieving key discoveries in the adaptation of agriculture to its own special conditions. This neolithic period was followed by an African iron-age which likewise was partly the result of new ideas from the outside world, but mainly the product of local invention and initiative. There is already a fairly clear framework of approximate dating for this great step forward: the step to ferrous technology that made possible, as many believe, the subsequent peopling of Africa (perhaps during the first millenium AD) with the ancestors of most of the populations we know today.

Zimbabwe and other famous stone structures of the Rhodesian plateau are well within this iron-age framework; while radio-carbon dating, together with skilful excavation, has lately traced the iron-age occupation of these sites through the better part of 2,000 years down to modern times. The pioneers of southern African archaeology – notably Randall MacIver and Dr Gertrude Caton-Thompson – are thoroughly vindicated. Many years ago they said that these stone forts and royal dwellings were the work of Africans – and not of Phoenicians or Sabaeans or any other 'mysterious people from the north'; and there is no doubt now that they were right.

London's three conferences on the past of Africa have had important practical results as well as providing a periodical review of what is being done. In 1957 it was decided to publish an international *Journal of African History*, under the editorship of Dr Roland Oliver and Dr John Fage, if sufficient public interest (and therefore money) could be raised. I am glad to report that this pioneering and much-needed journal is now successfully launched, and thanks quite notably in the first place, it would seem, to the warm response to NEW STATESMAN readers when I wrote about the project in these columns four years ago. This year there is another chance for New Statesman readers to show their mettle. It is proposed to found an African Classics series, published in English and French, which should do for Africa what Loeb's Classical Library, for example, has long since done for Greece and Rome.

The excellent idea is to bring out new and relatively cheap editions of old, rare and crushingly expensive books like Dapper's *Description of Africa*, as well as to publish new translations with up-to-date notes of all sorts of vital works, such as the medieval writings of El Mas'udi and Idrisi which the student needs and can find at present only with the greatest difficulty or not at all. Obviously this admirable project will require strong financial backing. Anyone who reads these lines and can afford to do African scholarship a really good turn by helping to found this library may certainly assure himself of a place in history – and of warm thanks in the meantime. Offers, please, to Dr Fage or Dr Oliver at the school of Oriental and African Studies, WC1.

All Quiet in the Branch

R. C. H. WEBBER

The trade union branch of which I have been a vociferous member since 1947 holds its fortnightly meetings in an imposing Victorian-gothic church hall. Its atmosphere is conducive to seriousness, and its spaciousness demands an aggressive approach to the business of speech-making – a demand conscientiously answered by many of the voices raised in it. But nowadays the timbered vaulting seldom echoes with noble or factious orations. This is not because anything has been done about the acoustics: it is simply because our meetings are becoming alarmingly thin and feeble.

Near the hall is a large pub with a gloss-painted façade of classical motifs in a surrealistic snare of drain-pipes, and an interior recently renovated in hardboard-cool style. It is called *The Anchor*, and what moors me sentimentally to it is a 14-years-long chain of inquests on the branch meetings. Its associations with the Crippsian austerity period are especially vivid; an enthusiastic left-wing faction of which I was the most sectarian member used regularly to meet in the bar and discuss the work of the branch in its relation to the tactics of proletarian revolution. The measure of our success during that period is best illustrated by the rejection by 80 votes to 20 of an Executive proposal to ban Communists from holding office. This event was important enough to warrant an unauthorised but scrupulously factual report to the *Daily Worker*; and well I recall the clandestine thrill, not unassociated with guilt, which I experienced in writing it. But that was before the days of popular TV; when there was still something sacred about branch business.

Our faction is now reduced to two members, namely Paddy, who goes by that name despite his pure West Country blood, and myself. Our post-meeting sessions are now a question of cramming a full evening's drinking into the last licensed hour in order to exorcise the spectre of complacency which is having it so good in the branch hall.

Most of the old stalwarts and militants of pre-Telly days who, when I first joined the branch, were entering their last decade of working life, are now in unaffluent retirement. Occasionally one or two of them show up in order to exercise their rights as free members and perhaps stimulate with what the Clause Four revisionists would call bitterness and class hatred. Sometimes they come in spirit, invoked by some exasperated member (usually myself) exercising the unfashionable prerogative of discontent. But, eloquent as they sometimes are, these interjections have something traumatic about them, compared with which the most apathetic silence can seem the height of sophisticated detachment.

Certainly the branch is undergoing a change in character. Dramatically elaborating on this theme over a pint of parochial ale, I am able to convince Paddy that the branch is losing its soul, but our plans for its resuscitation usually seem unrealistic by next meeting night. Once recently we held a cognac and ginger session an hour before the time of the meeting but we ended up by quarrelling in the branch hall. I tipsily voted against a resolution which I should have been supporting. The chairman had to use his gavel for the first time in months; then having bludgeoned us into tactical silence he administered an inspired rebuke to what he called the trouble-making faction. His speech, which luxuriated with apocalyptic forebodings, was punctuated by 'ulteriors', 'disruptives' and 'conspiratorials'; and as it mounted to a fight-and-fight-again climax, I felt my alcoholic blood quicken recklessly in the stimulating limelight of infamy.

We have never since tried to disillusion the chairman of his belief that he foiled a sinister plot. He is already disillusioned enough. A sprightly elder agitator until about a year ago, he uncharacteristically accepted the position of chairman and immediately took on an aspect of solemn senility, this apparently being his version of orthodoxy. His ambition now is to become a magistrate.

Our secretary, also an elder militant of lively intellect and independent character, has been compelled by recent constitutional changes to devote most of the meeting time to the financial business. He resisted these changes with a stubbornness that necessitated the direct intervention of the Executive; and now he carries his defeat with a magnificent air of martyrdom.

According to a recent report by the secretary, the membership figure has since 1946 fluctuated gently around 200. When, during the discussion that followed the report, I impulsively remarked that the large increase in the working population of the district indicated a relative fall in membership, I received from the secretary a shrivelling reprimand for introducing dialectical nuance into a straightforward issue.

The branch, of course, cannot be expected to imitate the stewards' councils which are largely, perhaps unavoidably, sectional and often, perhaps, of transitory phases of enthusiasm. It is necessary for members regularly to attend meetings in order to understand the manifold business of the branch and acquire a sense of continuity. The trouble is nowadays that few members are prepared to do this. On the other hand, there is also the need for a healthy sprinkling of firebrands of the old bread-and-butter Socialist school who, with their class dynamic and utopian horizons, prevent the branch from becoming parochial and introverted. But the old firebrands are dying out and are sadly missed.

The building worker needs the trade union branch. With all its faults, the branch can counteract the unsettling and alienating influence of the building worker's itinerant working life and, away from the inane personal relations (spurious mateyness) fostered by his working environment, help him to come to terms with his fellow workers. Especially important for the individual trade unionist is the step open to him of graduating from the ethically dubious position of professionally-led or represented ticket holder to that of active or at least attentive participant in the work of his branch. The branch can also provide him with the stimulus to or at least the means of self-education and social and political orientation.

It is true that the building worker can obtain attractive overtime returns for the sacrifice of his relative uncreative leisure. But the seasonal 'tight' period and the possibility of sickness make it difficult for him to plan his life on the basis of yearly income. However prosperous the season may be his outlook is inevitably marred by a fundamental insecurity. The casual basis of his employment contract and the primitive, often brutal nature of his general working conditions constitute a social anachronism which, subjectively at least, can justify the most uncompromising sectional trade union attitudes or, what is worse and more common, generate an attitude of cynical indifference.

Job organisation and stewards' councils are the militant answers to particular anomalies; but these valuable auxiliaries to the traditional trade union structure will never be adequate substitutes for the branch.

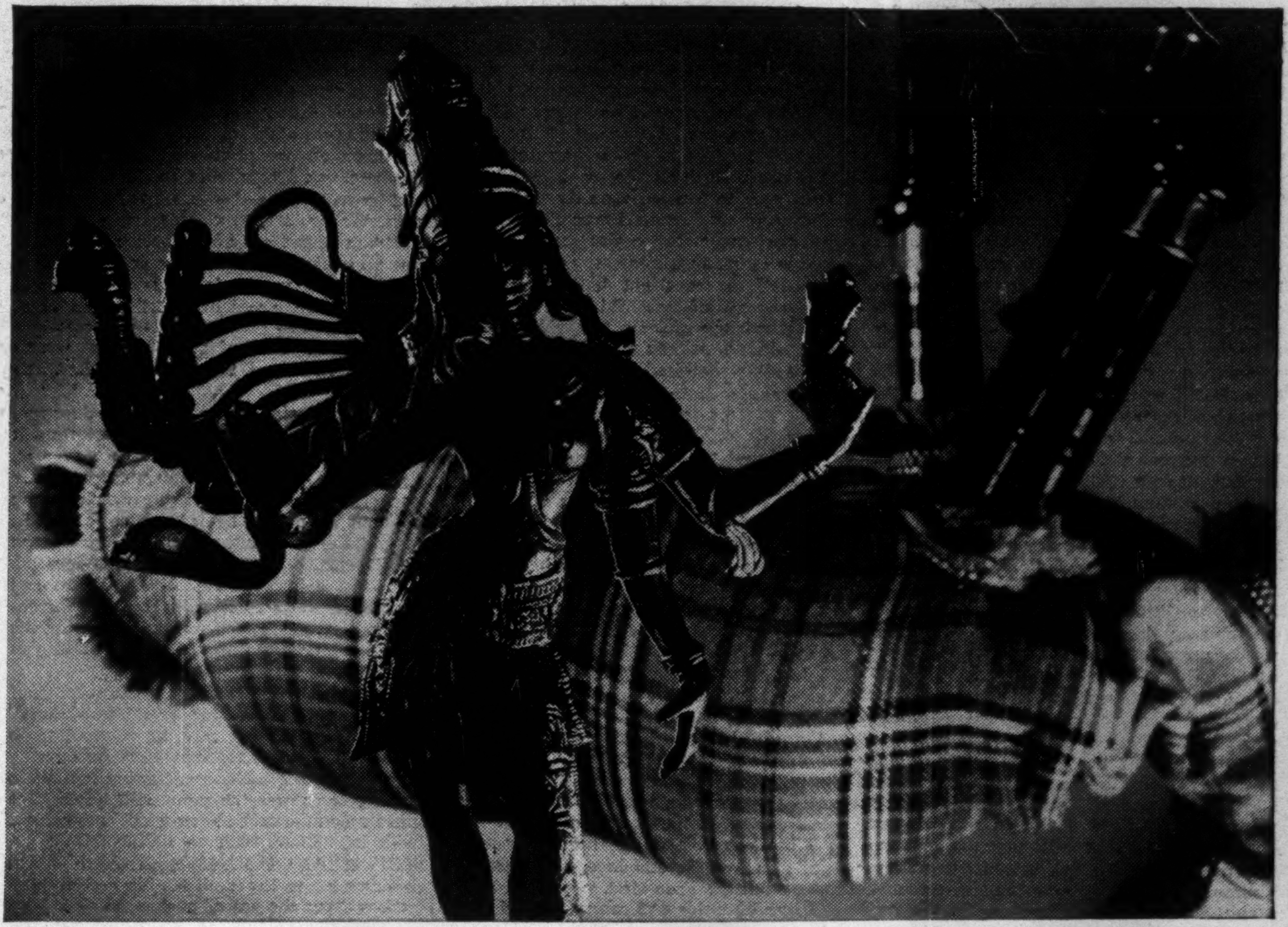
The White Knight of Palma

ANTHONY CARSON

We landed in Palma in the very early morning. After Minorca it was like arriving at the outskirts of a metropolis; tall houses and the spires of the Cathedral spoke of up-to-date sin, head waiters and ramifications of gossip. It was exciting there in the glassy morning, but of course the heights would never be reached; they would recede and sink; everyone is bored but the busy.

By now we had hardly any money at all, and our first task was to look for somewhere to live. In the maze of narrow butterfly-bright streets, there are masses of hotels and pensions, graded in a subtlety of ways, suitable for the banker's wife, the hungry commercial traveller or the amateur brothel-keeper. We found one hidden away in a small alleyway off the Sindicato, that graceful, feminine street, devoid of traffic, which runs almost half-way through the city of Palma. It was called the 'Hearth of the Traveller', and on its writing-paper had the picture of a very smart, brightly illuminated hallway, resplendent with reception desks and bell-boys, from which a prosperous young traveller (dressed in the clothes of 1914) issued with a portmanteau. This hardly tallied with the fact, since the hallway itself was in perpetual gloom, the one reception desk reminded one of an abandoned fish-and-chip counter, and no one helped you to carry your bags. But the 'Hearth of the Traveller' made

Highland fling in North-East India



PRIESTM

When the occasion calls for celebrations at Gomia, in the Indian state of Bihar, Scottish reels sometimes alternate with stately classical dances. For this remote tract of jungle, where leopards prowl and the summer shade temperature reaches a shimmering 110°F., contains India's first blasting explosives factory — designed and set in operation by experts from I.C.I.'s explosives factories in Scotland, who have helped to train the Indian operatives.

The factory provides India with the explosives she needs to blast tunnels and harbours out of solid rock, to excavate reservoirs and to win coal, iron ore and gold from the earth. Built by I.C.I. in partnership with the Government of India, it is the latest expression of a policy that has already fostered the production of blasting explosives in Africa, to serve the great goldfields; in Australia, to provide the blasting power for mineral mining and ambitious hydro-electric schemes; in Canada, to make possible such projects as the St. Lawrence Seaway. I.C.I. technicians with a lifetime's experience of explosives manufacture are playing a notable part in a world where the power of explosives can open up new vistas of prosperity.

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Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., London, S.W.1

up for all this by having very clean rooms, a charming staff and, by any standards, an absurdly cheap rent.

In this room we slept and cooked and argued and loved. We were woken early every morning by the martial trumpets of the refuse collectors, ate huge fat, shining oranges and drank Spanish substitute coffee. The oranges of Mallorca have to be seen and tasted to be believed. For some reason or another those you buy on the island of Minorca are over-sweet and tasteless, but these are as juicy as fruit you eat in a tropical dream.

In the next few days the weather became frightful. We were stuck for want of money, and the rain poured down. 'This never happens,' people cried. 'It has never happened before.' I was inclined to believe this because of the indignant tone of the newspapers. The newspapers of the mainland were treating the weather as a sort of insult; it was an outrage. In England every downpour, hailstorm or choking smog is part of a completely acceptable depression; it is moving along the Atlantic or the North Sea in an orderly manner, and will discharge its contents in the order laid down by international law. But the Spanish meteorologists shake their fists to the sky. 'Boring and permanent cloudiness which broods over our skies', shout the papers under pictures of official openings of trolley-bus stations by the Chief of State. 'Gigantic and overpowering hailstorms.' 'Pertinacious, hostile cyclones obdurately bordering our coasts . . . Yet another day of withering mists and joy-devouring clouds.' In other words it matters to them, as of course it should.

Eventually the British Consul recommended me the use of a certain bank in Palma which handled the business of nearly all the Americans and English residents. The manager had an English name, looked very square and was perfectly bilingual. Although officially I was in receipt of no money, he was good enough to issue me with a cheque book and I was allowed to draw as much money (within reason) as I needed. But even this was not comfortable. We wanted to take the boat and return to Minorca mainly in order to retrieve a motor-scooter but also to look at rumoured prehistoric villages and greet again the very dear friends we had made on our last trip, the carpenter Miguel and his wife, who made shoes and in whose house we had lived. We were drinking red wine in the Meson Carlos when we suddenly came to this decision and tore off in a taxi to our pension, packed and set off to the port with only a few minutes to spare. This, actually, is always the way I travel.

'There's the boat', cried the taxi-driver, pointing, and we ran to the gangway but were blocked by officials.

'Tickets, please', said one of the officials.

'We have no tickets,' I said; 'How much are they?'

He then named a monstrous price, and I began arguing. 'I never paid such a price from Mahon,' I said. He shook his head as though he was dealing with a certain kind of village idiot, and as I went on arguing in what I thought was a reasonable way I could see smiles exchanged, not only between the officials but between these officials on the quay and the sailors on the deck. In the end I saw that argument was useless. Furiously I paid the money asked for and we made our way up the gangway.

Half-way up the gangway we saw the American. We didn't know his name, but we had bumped into him in one of the tourist cafes in Palma, late at night. He was almost dead drunk and was swearing, without reserve, in a distinctive American argot, his face not only hostile to the four corners of the world, but also slightly helpless. Unknown people, we were led to believe, had robbed him of clothes, pen-knives, cigarette-lighters and watches and had now stolen his dog. All this information was given to the wall straight in front of him, directly to the face of the girl in the Coca Cola advertisement. (Later we discovered that this was his personal gesture, not to complain to God but to inanimate objects in his immediate vicinity.) Mart looked under his stool and discovered his dog neatly housed beneath his master's bottom. I didn't trouble to look because I was angry with him and his insensate foul-mouthed fury, but Mart told me that it was a beautiful brown sort of dog with devoted eyes.

Now here he was again on the deck above us. He wore an enormous topee, but back to front, the sort of topee you see in Russian cartoons satirising capitalists, and it was not only back to front but half-covered with black waterproof material. He, too, was arguing with the officials, but with a certain resignation, an attitude which we later understood and sympathised with. We met him in the bar and got into conversation.

'A lot of the trouble has to do with my luggage,' he told us, 'but mainly it is my dog, Max. When I travel I always put Max in a carry-cot I bought in Mallorca because I insist on his keeping warm. There is a lot of trouble with hotels but even more on ships.' He had slept, he said, over and over again in the streets of Palma because his dog had been refused admittance; and then, he said, he was robbed.

'By whom?' asked Mart.

'By everybody,' said the American simply. He then invited us to view his dog, Max. 'If you and your lady – I don't know if you are married – are interested in dogs?'

'Certainly,' I said. He left the saloon to find the carry-cot – if it hadn't been whisked away – returned and whistled in his dog.

He hadn't overpraised Max. He was a truly beautiful dog, strong and brown as the trunk of a beech tree, and his true chestnut eyes revealed a love beyond love, his master was no man but the True God.

'Where does this dog come from?' I asked.

'From the Canaries,' he said.

'Are they nice to live in?' asked Mart.

'Full of robbers,' answered the American, whose name, he informed us, was also Max. He made this remark without any vindictiveness and suddenly, at the same moment it struck Mart and me that we were dealing with a saint. 'They stole the dog various times,' said Max, 'but it always came back to me.' He drank his mineral water, since he had temporarily given up alcohol (which saints should always drink). 'It's smell, I think,' he said.

At that moment I stopped and asked a passing steward when the boat would reach Mahon. 'Mahon,' he cried in an amazed voice, 'This boat doesn't go to Mahon.'

'But it must,' I said.

"It can't,' he said, 'it is going to Barcelona.' It needed an effort to picture Barcelona in fact or imagination, but we did it.

'There you are,' said Max; 'the best thing is to go and sleep. Which class are you?'

'Lower than the third,' I said.

'So am I,' said Max; 'you can either go down to the dungeons or sleep on deck, that's what I do.' I felt immediately that it was unnecessary for him to sleep on the deck, that there must be a mountain of money on his shoulder, a chain of grocery stores, a gang of neat banks, trade magazines, radio stations, a great grey father with a cheque book in his bible. But no, he was following his star on the Palma-Barcelona boat-deck, he was chartering his high thin body to the wind and fleas and putting a solid, patented unsophisticated cross under his topee. He walked side by side with a great loneliness, not merely his own, but the world's, he enlarged it with the night-cries of birds, the mortal cough in the cheap hotel bedroom and the long, sick trill of the ambulance bell.

We followed him up on deck. It was terribly windy. 'Let me lend you my coat,' he said, taking off a long, grey overcoat and giving it to me.

'But what about you?' asked Mart.

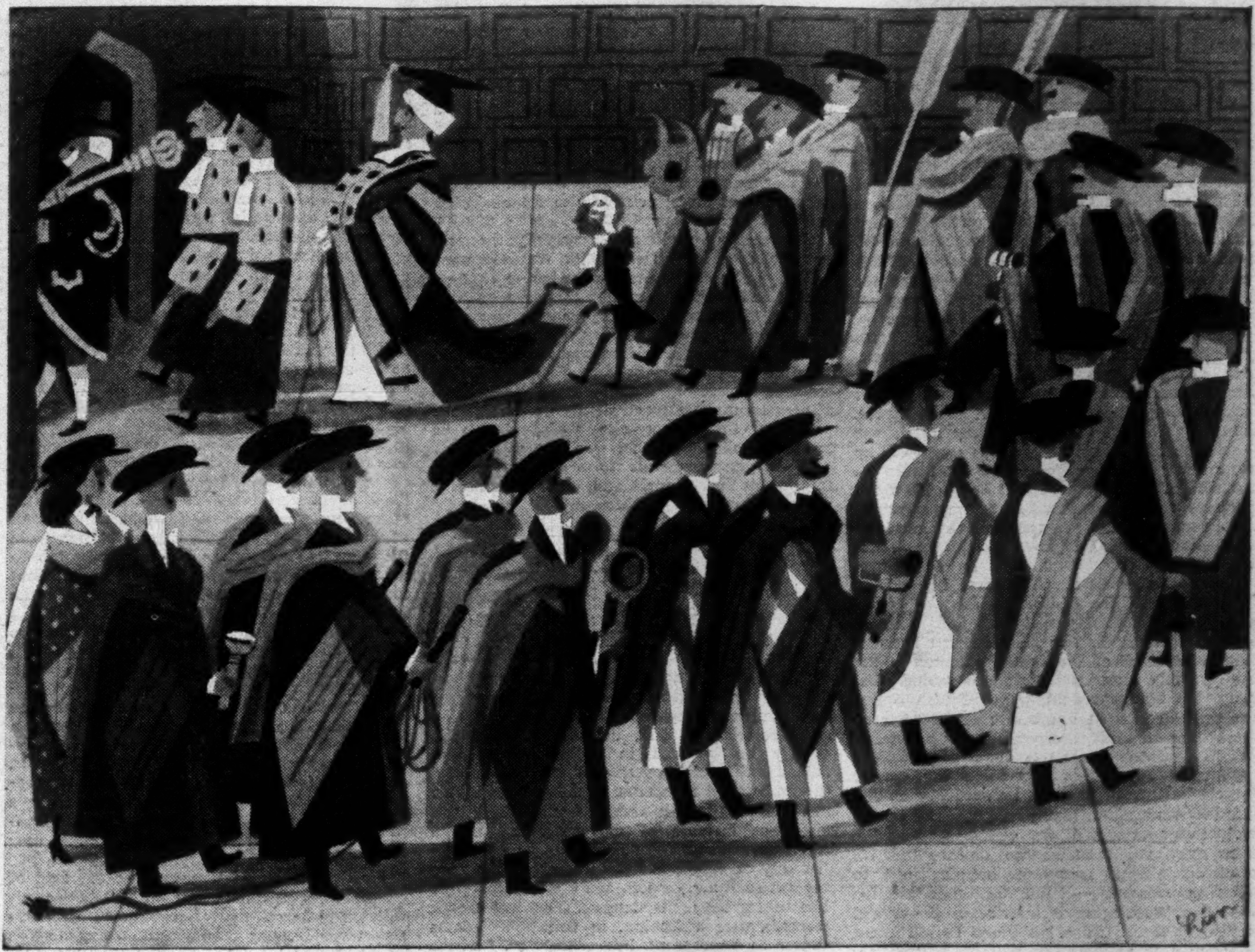
'I have my dog,' he said. Saying this, he lay down on one of the seats, a long body like a Greek Christ, and the dog leapt up and covered him, his steady eyes to the stars. We could see the American's face and his boots. I had not noticed his boots before but Mart had discussed them. You could see they were home-made – enormous, and equipped with pieces of metal on the sides, for kicking away robbers or getting on to old-fashioned trams. Mart and I decided not to sleep on deck and went below with Max's overcoat.

At last it was morning in our dungeon, although there was no means of knowing it apart from the opening of the tiny bar, where the ticket officer was drinking cup after cup of black coffee. We were also drinking coffee and eating those feather-bed buns, sprinkled with sugar, which are called *eusaimadas*, when our white knight appeared. The skin of his face was almost transparent, his gentle eyes seemed to have got closer together and on his well-shaped mouth lay the stamp of perpetual bereavement. 'Did you have a good night?' asked Mart.

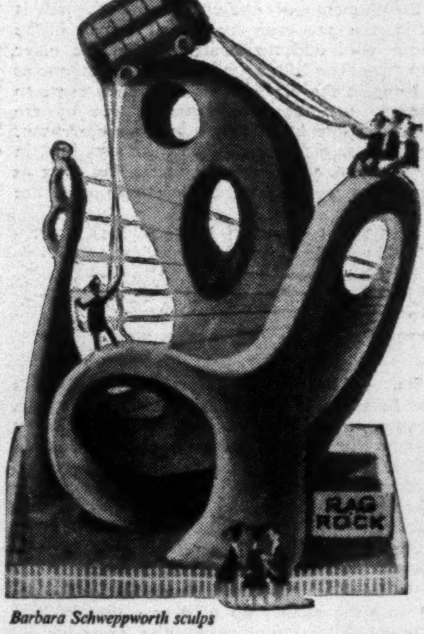
'Quite good,' said Max, 'but the waterproof covering on my sun-hat was blown away.' In his hand he was carrying a small radio set which he clung to, apparently for security like a man in a balloon anchoring himself to a flagpole. It was the same with his luggage piled up on the deck above, which was painted with injunctions such as KEEP OUT . . . THIS MEANS YOU. He explained to us that he intended to lower all his luggage by himself, without the aid of porters, using a huge coil of rope which he purchased for this purpose in Palma. He left us to carry out this enterprise, tilting his neck forward for the first morning round of his perpetual battle with the world, a conflict fought with much paraphernalia (for instance, he also carried a guitar, which he confessed he had bought for 'atmosphere') and one in which he took pains to arm the enemy, exaggerating his visible defects with huge and absurd nobility, a vulnerable target, too proud to hide behind conformity.

When we left the ship we hurried to a cafe near the port and gulped down glasses of black coffee laced with rum, better in early mornings than cognac or aniseed. We discussed plans on how to get back to Minorca. While we were trying to decide what to do, we caught sight of the American standing beside a taxi. On the ground was his armour, four trunks, a guitar, a carry-cot, his devoted dog; and standing in front of him was one of the eternal enemy – the taxi drivers, policemen, waiters and hotel managers – who permanently beset him. We could hear shouts and barks but eventually the taxi drove away.

Both of us were silent, thinking of the tall, thin, gentle hero on his preposterous crusade, carrying through chattering mountains and soiled sea-fronts his tattered banner. But Mart suffered more than I did, because the heart which moved to him could not – and never could, alas – bleed enough.



The University of Schweppshire



DEGREE DAY. Traditional climax of Oldbrick's year is tradition, when nobody must do anything which everybody hasn't done always. Degree Day starts the evening before, with the seizing and release of the printing press (twenty minutes) meeting of protest (five) and outbreak of insubordination in Rag Square which, with its Rag Monument and dummy proctors, often extorting dummy fines, is especially set aside for the people set aside to be exuberant.

The actual Procession of Recipients gains in picturesqueness from Oldbrick's more catholic acceptance of the truly pertinent, as distinct from the traditionally O.K., Subjects. We see, proudly displaying their gowns of office, the Bachelors of Film Studio Lighting, the Doctors of Light Reading Suitable for the Family, a Quizmaster of Is There Anything In It, two Ph.D's of Do It Yourself, Disputants in the History of Intercolonial Cricket Part One, a Passman of the School of Examination Passing, two Phobeharmonic Readers in Sunday Paper Musical Criticism, an Honorary Dame Electant of Woman's Magazine Editing, and a group of Public Demonstrators of Ceremonial, Circumstance and Pomp.

Barbara Schweppworth sculps

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Correspondence

CRISIS IN THE AIR

Sir, – Your leading article rightly drew attention to the damage which is being done to British civil aviation as a whole by the government's policy of opening up some of the best BOAC and BEA routes to the competition of the privately-owned operators. This competition between publicly-owned and privately-owned carriers is a precise copy of the situation which existed in the Thirties and which brought British civil aviation to its knees and compelled the Tory government, in 1939, to take emergency action to rescue the industry from collapse.

The steps through which this process will take place in the Sixties are already easily foreseeable, and indeed the earliest ones have already been taken. The first of them is that the smaller independent companies will start to disappear, either by going to the wall (a very recent case is fresh in our minds) or by being swallowed up by the larger independents. We shall then be left with nothing much beyond British European Airways and British United Airways working the European routes, and British Overseas Airways and Cunard-Eagle working the extra-European routes.

For a period there will be free competition between each of the members of these two pairs, but after a while they will both find it harder to make profits, for two reasons: first because, in the parlance of the trade, 'common routes always bring common losses'; and secondly because the apparent doubling of British operation will increase the pressure of competition from overseas airlines, especially the Americans. We have always had rights under the Bermuda agreement to nominate a second carrier, but the present balance of relations between our airlines and the American airlines has been based on the tacit assumption that we would not exercise that right. As soon as we do so, the US operators will go screaming, hopping mad, to their government — and the civil aviation lobby in Washington is inferior in power and skill only to the China lobby and the oil lobby.

When each of these two pairs finds itself, for these reasons, running into the red, their natural defence will be to create a pool. They will then work in pool for a while, and that will be found (if precedents are to be at all believed) not very successful, and then the government will step in and create a merger between the two elements in each of these two pairs, in order to creates a single 'chosen' instrument in each case, in exactly the same way as the 1939 government stepped in to merge Imperial Airways and British Airways into a single 'chosen' instrument under public ownership. We shall then be back to precisely the same position as we were before Cunard-Eagle and British United Airways and the Air Transport Licensing Board existed. The only difference will be that in the intervening period British civil aviation will have lost a lot of money and a lot of its customers to foreign competitors. This is the price we shall pay for a few years of philandering with the doctrine of free competition in the air.

I cannot refrain from adding one further point. When the Minister of Labour set up a committee, in 1958, to investigate some labour troubles in British Overseas Airways Corporation, another witness and I put to this committee the point that the government's policy of flaking off the best bits of the business of the public corporations in the interests of private operators was the cause of a good deal of insecurity, and therefore of bad industrial relations, within the industry. The committee, which sat under the chairmanship of Professor Jack, dismissed these submissions as being mischievous and irrelevant. They now turn out to be only too well-founded. But ironically the same Professor Jack has since been made chairman of the Air Transport Licensing Board.

Ian Mikardo

MOVING WEST BERLIN

Sir, – Everyone who realises that war must eventually be abolished approaches this goal from a somewhat different direction. This is why there are so many different organisations at work; and sometimes unfortunately they even get in each other's way.

But occasionally the same obstacle looms over each path. Then common effort is vital. Such a threat is Berlin. Before the ultimata fly, we must find an alternative else all our work will have been in vain.

One such compromise is certainly the proposal to move West Berlin inside West Germany – both parties co-operating (to preserve their 'faces') and thereby admitting that both made a mistake 15 years ago in agreeing to maintain West Berlin inside Communist territory. The cost of this move would be a small fraction of what both nations incur each year in obsolescence of armament – but this amount would be a *permanent* investment. It would also set a precedent for compromise which could be applied to eliminate other world trouble spots.

Won't you co-operate to urge your readers to give this their thought and, if they agree, urge its consideration by Washington?

Irving F. Laucks

PO Box 607
Healdsburg
California

AN ASIAN FEDERATION

Sir, – May I emphasise one point in connection with John Strachey's admirable analysis of the situation in Singapore? He suggests – I think quite correctly – that, unless the island can quickly be included in a Malayan-Bornean federation, the UK government may be forced to choose between evacuation of the Singapore base (which, among other things, would result in a disastrous increase of unemployment) and a reversion to direct colonial rule.

Plenty of people in high places would readily support such a reversion, and I would therefore like to emphasise its dangers. The fact that it worked, after a fashion, in British Guiana is quoted as a precedent. But wrongly so. For one should not forget the extreme lack of civic sense or courage shown by the Chinese (whom in other respects I so admire that I believe, and hope, they will take over the leadership of the world if a liberal-minded West is to fail). If the British tried to restore colonial government, whom would they find to carry on the administration? A warning that the secret societies would deal with anyone who reported for work in a government office would, I believe, suffice to keep that office empty. Furthermore, the riots of 1955 and 1956 have convinced me of the immense difficulties of military control, except over a very short period. How would an ordinary British soldier stationed, say, in Havelock Circus decide whether a pleasant-faced youth in a singlet and shorts was a peaceful citizen or a dedicated revolutionary? Some of the nicest-mannered Chinese I met in Singapore were among the most ruthless leaders in those riots.

Thus some Malaya-Singapore-Sarawak-Brunei-North Borneo federation would seem to be the only way out, and one hopes that British leaders of all parties will do anything they can to encourage it, despite understandable local reluctance to see the pleasant and happy people of the Borneo territories pushed into world politics at the deep end.

Vernon Bartlett

JOHN BULL'S OTHER PORTUGAL

Sir, – Police in the Republic of Ireland have special powers almost identical to those you condemn in the North, and have used them to intern citizens without trial. Remember Lawless?

And is it more despicable to unseat a felon than a peer?

Kilbracken

Sir, – Mr Douglas endeavours to defend the policies of the Unionist party on three points of his own choosing. In his attempts to justify the Special Powers Act he details the various incidents in the physical force campaign, but does not demonstrate why effective measures cannot be taken within the normal legal system and why the rule of law has to be replaced by arbitrary decisions of the police. It is interesting to note that though he lists the number of police killed or injured in attacks, he omits to give the figures for the number of casualties involved in accidental shootings due to the carelessness and itchy fingers of the special constabulary, who help enforce these special powers.

Mr Douglas then passes on to parliamentary representation, and, as you have already indicated, in this field too, neglects to mention certain factors. He quotes the voting figures in the last Westminster election but fails to point out that when this election was held, many Sinn Fein organisers were interned and the fear of internment and coercion hung over those who were free to act as agents. When one considers that Sinn Fein policy is identified with the physical force campaign which has been condemned by the National leaders and the leaders of the churches throughout Ireland, the fact that in those circumstances 63,000 people should still endorse their campaign is a damning indictment of the failure of the Unionist party to reconcile the minority in Northern Ireland. To be fair to the Unionists however, it must be pointed out that they have never attempted to reconcile the minority.

While on this subject Mr Douglas invites us to join him in his own private fantasy world, where the next Socialist government might banish the faithful Conservatives of Sussex to East Germany. He did not, however, pursue the analogy to its logical conclusion and ask the question 'Would the Sussex Conservatives banish themselves if a Socialist government came to power, and, if they did, would the East German government be prepared to pay a subsidy of £30m a year to repay the loyalty of the Sussex Conservatives?' Of course this is fantastic. It could only happen in Ireland.

Finally, Mr Douglas moves into the field of economics, and claims that within the powers which it possesses, the NI government is making progress in creating employment. The contention of the Nationalist people, however, is that these powers are not wide enough and do not allow the NI government sufficient latitude to develop the policies necessary to meet the situation. The government obviously has not got these powers at the moment since the creation of new jobs is not keeping pace with the natural increase in the labour pool and the contraction in the older industries. The 10,000 jobs Mr Douglas quotes as being in the pipeline would, if they come to fruition, just about be cancelled out by the number of jobs lost at the shipyards since Easter. Mr Douglas may be right when he says that, in the long run, things will get better, but then, as Keynes has pointed out, in the long run we are all dead.

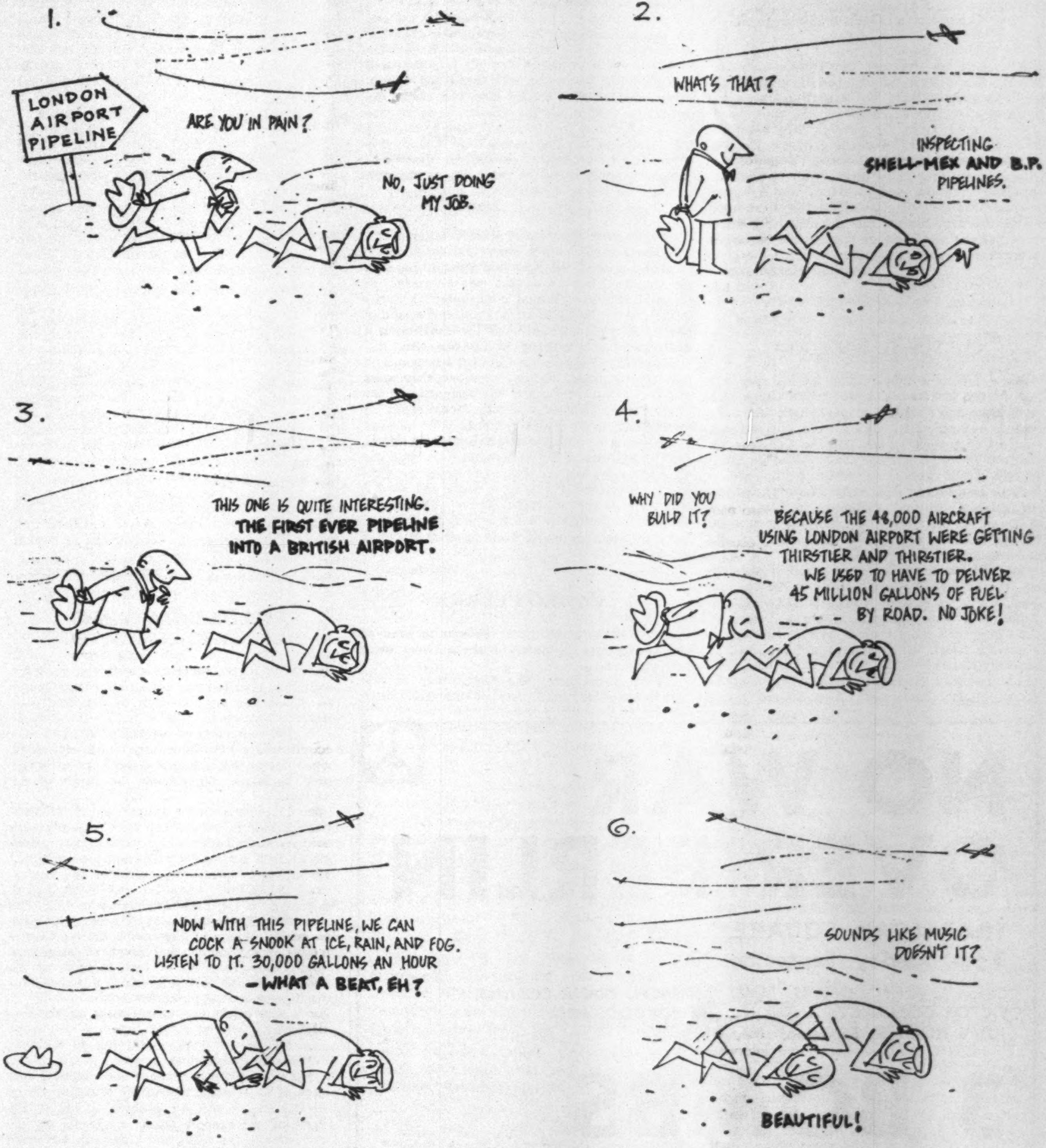
Michael McKeown

16 Abbeydale Parade
Belfast 14

THE DEMOCRATIC INTELLECT

Sir, – Reviewing Dr George Elder Davie's *The Democratic Intellect*, Sir Charles Snow pays eloquent tribute to the Scots thinkers of the last century who were preoccupied with problems of culture, science and society – problems which confront our own generation with even greater urgency. He also reminds us that 'for over 200 years, from the end of the 16th century to the beginning of the 19th, there were four universities in Scotland and two in England.'

He does not add – and it is maybe worth while bringing the picture up to date – that in 1961 Scotland still has four universities (the same old faithfuls: youngest foundation 1583), while England now has 16. Furthermore, it has recently been announced that England is to have four new ones, but Scotland is denied the fifth univer-


1.
LONDON AIRPORT PIPELINE
ARE YOU IN PAIN?
NO, JUST DOING MY JOB.
2.
WHAT'S THAT?
INSPECTING SHELL-MEX AND B.P. PIPELINES.
3.
THIS ONE IS QUITE INTERESTING. THE FIRST EVER PIPELINE INTO A BRITISH AIRPORT.
4.
WHY DID YOU BUILD IT?
BECAUSE THE 48,000 AIRCRAFT USING LONDON AIRPORT WERE GETTING THIRSTIER AND THIRSTIER. WE USED TO HAVE TO DELIVER 45 MILLION GALLONS OF FUEL BY ROAD. NO JOKE!
5.
NOW WITH THIS PIPELINE, WE CAN COCK A SNOOK AT ICE, RAIN, AND FOG. LISTEN TO IT. 30,000 GALLONS AN HOUR —WHAT A BEAT, EH?
6.
SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC DOESN'T IT?
BEAUTIFUL!

Three facts worth remembering: (1) Shell-Mex and B.P. built the first ever pipeline into a British airport. (2) With the new pipeline, which can deliver fuel at the rate of 30,000 gallons per hour, Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd are uniquely equipped to handle every possible demand for aviation fuel at London airport. (3) The Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd pipeline helps to relieve traffic congestion on the roads to and from the Airport.

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sity for which she has been campaigning, on and off, for years.

Why? The process of *Gleichschaltung* to which Sir Charles refers is now pretty well complete, so a new Scottish university would not have the disadvantage of roots in the native tradition. Indeed, like certain Scottish public schools, it might eventually make the grade, and even be regarded as socially acceptable.

Where then, from the government's point of view, is the danger? A reading of Dr Davie's excellent book suggests one answer, at least: the Establishment may know little about the Scottish academic tradition, and care less, but it has a flawless nose for potential opposition. Certainly, having ruled us for the last decade, the government has the very best of reasons for fearing a resurgence of 'the democratic intellect'!

HAMISH HENDERSON

20 Melville Terrace
Edinburgh

CULTURAL FREEDOM

SIR, – I wish to thank Critic for his appreciation of the great work done by the Committee on Science and Freedom in past years, and I am glad to reassure him that I have *not* resigned from its chairmanship and that the Congress for Cultural Freedom has *not* discontinued its sponsorship of the Committee but intends to develop it further and more vigorously than ever. Professor Edward Shils is handling the day-to-day direction of the Committee, and the next issue of our Bulletin will appear this year in a new and considerably enlarged form.

My attitude towards the proposed symposium on 'The Scientist's Responsibility in the Nuclear Age', and to C. P. Snow and J. D. Bernal in this connection, was indicated to the Secretary of the Committee some four or five months ago in a private letter, which I have not disclosed to anybody else.

The publication in the NEW STATESMAN of the report of this letter and of its alleged consequences was both improper and inaccurate and I request you to apologise for this.

I do not have a copy of my letter with me and will therefore reply to Critic as follows: (1) I still think that such a symposium would have been useless – many symposia are; (2) I participated in a published discussion with Snow last year in *Encounter*, and then invited him to continue the discussion at the meeting of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin; but not all occasions for discussion are promising; (3) Critic says Bernal is a Communist; I thought so myself and I regard expositions of the party line as unprofitable for the freedom of science.

MICHAEL POLANYI

CRITIC *writes:* Professor Polanyi's letter is disingenuous. He does not deny that he objected to taking part in the proposed symposium with Sir Charles Snow and that he threatened to resign if Professor Bernal contributed to it. As to the fate of the Committee, I am informed that one of its staff, an editor of the bulletin, was summoned to a meeting in London with two heads of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and that after a long, stormy interview they were told that Professor Polanyi had resigned and the Committee was closed down. (Incidentally, I understand that Professor Polanyi's 'private' letter was in fact read out to this member of the staff.) Professor Polanyi now tells us that the Committee has been reconstituted under the day-to-day direction of Professor Shils and that it will provide the Bulletin. He is silent about whether a committee which stands for cultural freedom ought to make itself an instrument of the Cold War.

CASTRO'S CUBA

SIR, – Your readers must be getting tired of this controversy. I merely wish to make three brief points:

(1) Mr Blackburn (who erroneously believes that I have 'admitted' any of the 'substantial charges' he made against me) expresses indignation as regards my failure to employ stronger terms with respect to American policy towards Cuba. All I can say is that, while quite willing to censure the 'State Department', I really must reserve the right to use genuinely violent language about happenings such as the Soviet intervention in Hungary, which seems to me to constitute a moral offence of an altogether different nature.

(2) Mr Blackburn must not be allowed to get away with his Manichaean division of the world into Socialist revolutionaries and concealed supporters of the American State Department. He is free to eulogise Castro, just as those of us who dislike totalitarianism are free to blame Castro for having led Cuba to 'Communism'. Odd as it may seem to him, our libertarian views antedate the existence of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. If *Encounter* did not exist, we should simply have to find other publications in which to express them.

(3) As for the reactionary dictatorship in Venezuela, now replaced by a democratic regime which Castro is doing his best to undermine – its sordid character was so evident that 'even' *Time* magazine felt constrained to protest. There was consequently no particular reason why people like myself should have joined the chorus – and if we had, might not Mr Blackburn have thought that suspicious too? Unlike Castro the gangster-regime of Perez Jimenez made no appeal to Socialists. There was never any danger that well-meaning people would mistake it for a noble experiment in applied philosophy. Whereas Mr Blackburn's letters supply ample evidence that he and his friends are in need of enlightenment about Cuba.

BORIS GOLDENBERG

PARLIAMENTARY AND SCIENTIFIC COMMITTEE

SIR, – In his valuable article on the need for much more research into education, Flann Campbell makes one mis-statement of fact that calls for correction, even though it has no direct bearing on the soundness of his arguments. In referring to the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee as 'an inter-party group of MPs and peers', he is rather neglecting the weight of the elephant.

The committee's most unusual characteristic – unusual, that is, so far for all Commonwealth countries and all others but one – is that it consists of both parliamentarians and the appointed representatives of scientific societies and professional institutions, scientific and technological. According to the Committee's report for 1960, the membership consisted of 58 peers, 130 members of the House of Commons, 136 representatives of organisations and seven of associated organisations. In point of fact, at most of the Committee's meetings the scientists and technologists outnumber the parliamentarians.

It is surely just this co-operation of the two professional groups, rather than the non-party nature of one of them, useful though that has undoubtedly proved, that is primarily responsible for the considerable influence and practical successes of the Committee during the 22 years of its existence. It will no doubt also add to the weight of the support given in advance by the Committee to the views and arguments advanced by Mr Campbell.

A. L. BACHARACH

26 Willow Road
NW3

WILFRED OWEN

SIR, – I am editing, for Chatto & Windus, a definitive edition of the poems of Wilfred Owen. I should be most grateful if any of your readers, who possess MSS of unpublished poems by Owen, or MSS which show variants from the text of the Edmund Blunden edition, would get in touch with me.

C. DAY LEWIS

40-42 William IV Street
WC2

NO WAR OVER BERLIN

TRAFALGAR SQUARE RALLY
3 pm, Sunday, September 10

Canon L. JOHN COLLINS, JAMES CAMERON, DIANA COLLINS, VICTOR GOLLANCZ, ANTHONY GREENWOOD, MP, JOHN HORNER, KINGSLEY MARTIN.

3 BOMBS ON LONDON

An Enquiry into Civil Defence and the Effects of Nuclear War
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER
7.30 pm, Thursday, September 21

NIGEL CALDER, JOHN HORNER, NAOMI MITCHISON, DR. ANTOINETTE PIRIE, Professor RITCHIE CALDER and a team of Scientists.

TICKETS 1/- from CND 2, Carthusian St., E.C.1.
5, Caledonian Rd., N.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Voluminous Pastiche

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

This copious volume*, which is the first of a trilogy, runs to more than 600 pages, contains something like 300,000 words and weighs three-and-a-half pounds avoirdupois. It will be of great value to any future historian of Sir Winston Churchill. It claims to be based entirely on published records, and the research which has gone into it must have been prodigious. The author is an industrious quarryman and a skilled mason. Though there are some mistakes and some errors of judgment, there are few misprints and the completed edifice promises to be as imposing in design and as massive in scale as Blenheim Palace itself.

There are inherent difficulties in writing about a man while he is still alive without having access to private papers (vide: *The Rise and Fall of Sir Anthony Eden*. By RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL. *MacGibbon & Kee*. 25*s*.). Mr de Mendelssohn has on the whole challenged these difficulties with diligence and sensibility. The book is handsomely produced and is a credit no less to the publishers than to the author.

One of the difficulties which arises from relying on published records is that one may be tempted into accepting them at their face value without being able to refer to primary sources. Mr de Mendelssohn draws considerably upon the diaries, already published, of such contemporary figures as Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Mrs C. F. G. Masterman and Mrs Sidney Webb. He is somewhat inclined to take those passages which fit in with his theme as gospel: admittedly, in the nature of things, these recollections and diary references are not susceptible of verification. And sometimes the author is a trifle gullible. For instance, writing of the inter-party discussions in 1910 about the formation of a coalition, he relies on a quotation from Mrs Masterman's life of her husband and says:

> Churchill was enthusiastically in favour until he discovered Lloyd George . . . had thought it wise not to include him.

This is implausible. Mr Churchill and his great friend F. E. Smith had been among the prime movers in the project. To have excluded Mr Churchill from the proposed coalition would have been like producing Hamlet without Polonius, or the Ghost.

In this connection, it is of interest to note that, though he recognises and accepts the splendid intellectual gifts of the first Lord Birkenhead, he is bewildered that a man of Mr Churchill's nobility of outlook could have had as his greatest life-long friend a man who was so insolent and arrogant. Here he misses two points: what tremendous fun F. E. was (Mr de Mendelssohn seems rather over-serious-minded and unappreciative of fun); and the fact that the great political bond between F. E. Smith and Winston Churchill across the bitter floor of the House of Commons was that they were both patriots who had been thinking in terms of a national government which could solve the Irish problem and rearm the nation in the face of the German menace.

Sometimes the author has not checked where verification is possible. Reference to *Burke* or *Debrett* or, better still, the *Complete Peerage*, would have told him that the seventh Duke of Marlborough died in 1883, not 1882; the files of the *Morning Post* would have revealed that Mr Churchill made his first political speech at the age of 22, not, as later writers and Mr de Mendelssohn have mistakenly stated, at 24; and *Hansard* might have warned Mr de Mendelssohn that the speech which he ranks 'among Churchill's most impressive Parliamentary performances during half a century' was unlikely to have been made, as he repeatedly says, on 12 May 1901, since that was a Sunday. These examples are not offered in any captious spirit but solely for the record, since it is much to be hoped that this trilogy will achieve a second edition where these and many similar errors can be rectified.

One curious aspect of this book is that a number of trivial mistakes in the text are corrected in the 'notes and references' and in the index. Thus, on p.299 the Duke of Rutland is called Lord Rutland; in the index he receives his proper title. Again (p.260) the author writes of Pamela Lytton, 'wife of Neville Lytton', whereas in a subsequent note (p.583) he correctly states that 'Neville Lytton married Judith Blunt'. Miss Plowden, in fact, married Victor, third Earl of Lytton. One must assume that the 'notes and references' and the index were carefully compiled after the book was in type, and it was then too late to make the same corrections in the text. When he talks of the husband of the Countess of Aylesford the author refers to the Earl as the 'Count'. But on this occasion he is not rescued by the indexer, who makes no reference either to Earl or to Count.

Another, and more serious, error probably also arises from his central European origin. Perhaps under the influence of Freud or Jung, he sometimes gives ingenious psychological explanations which don't hold water. He surmises (p.349) that his hero never had any interest in women, apart from his mother and his nurse, until he got married in 1908 at the age of 33. Indeed, he suggests that until his marriage Mr Churchill had an obsessional fixation for Lady Randolph and for his nurse, Mrs Everest. This is ignorant, presumptuous and impertinent. The author almost complains that the diaries and memoirs which he has read contain no gossip about Mr Churchill's private life. Though Mr de Mendelssohn seems to evince a commendable understanding of English social life in the Edwardian era, he does not seem to have appreciated that it was possible in those days for well-known people to lead their own private lives without being intruded upon by the gutter press or fearing that any gossip in their friends' diaries would be published in their lifetime.

Sometimes Mr de Mendelssohn's percipience is perverse. He writes of Mr Churchill in 1908:

> We also see him . . . lunching or dining at the Carlton (then the culinary seat of the Government where a table was permanently reserved for the Cabinet).

An unthinking reader might be led to suppose that Mr Churchill, several years after he had crossed the floor of the House of Commons, was still a welcome visitor, with all his Liberal colleagues, at the Carlton Club. Doubtless Mr de Mendelssohn meant the Carlton Hotel or the Carlton Grill; but as he says Carlton, *tout court*, we have to guess where these interesting gatherings were held; and there is no footnote to afford a clue. The index, which we have shown to be sometimes more authoritative than the text, on this occasion says 'Carlton Club, p.348'. It may be thought that this time the indexer was wrong and that the author was ambiguous.

The author frequently tries to reconcile an age which he did not know with one which he has since been able to observe at first hand. This might have been no bad thing if Mr de Mendelssohn had not occasionally allowed his political predilections to get the better of him. As it is, comparisons with and allusions to Mr Aneurin Bevan and Mr Attlee lose impact and became comical, if not otiose, at the 17th repetition.

Politicians of the modern age, who have not previously reflected upon the subordinate roles now discharged by all but three or four leading members of the Cabinet, may note with sadness and nostalgia the ampler share in the formation and exposition of general policy which was taken in those more spacious days, even by Under-Secretaries. Today, all but three or four Cabinet Ministers are relegated to the role of glorified Civil Servants and would never dare open their mouths on any political theme, unless it concerned their own department – and then only after receiving the sanction of the Prime Minister.

An indication that Mr de Mendelssohn has got his period slightly out of focus is afforded by the selection of photographs to adorn and illustrate his work. There were many famous men and women who had an influence upon Mr Churchill in the period up to 1911; but they did not include Lord Milner, Christabel Pankhurst, Mrs Sidney Webb or Mrs C. G. F. Masterman except to a very minor extent. But all their pictures are included, somewhat capriciously, in the book. It is, moreover, a pity that the captions to the pictures merely record the dates of birth and death of the subject, but never the date on which the photographs – in most cases excellent pictures – were taken. This is more likely the publishers' fault than the author's.

Footnotes in a serious and scholarly

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* *The Age of Churchill, Heritage and Adventure 1874-1911*. By PETER DE MENDELSSOHN. *Thames & Hudson*. 42*s*.

work are always a vexatious problem for an author. References to sources tend to disfigure the page, and if the references are put at the bottom of each page a further distraction is offered to the eye of the reader. In this book a consistent but not entirely satisfactory policy has been adopted. Each chapter has its running footnotes, sometimes as many as 111, but the references to authorities are not to be found at the end of each chapter or indeed at the end of each of the four Books into which the volume is divided. They are all to be found at the end of the volume. And it is rather hard work to have to refer to the end of the volume every time one wants to check a source – particularly as one has to turn back to the beginning to see with which Book one is involved in order to know where to look for the notes.

Under the guise of scholarship and of service to other historians the author has managed to make it hard work for those who wish to check his sources. Many of the sources could have been fitted harmoniously into the flow of the narrative, and if that had been the plan adopted there would have been fewer numerological defacements to the text. This is, of course, a very open question, and no one has yet devised the perfect solution – and probably no one ever will.

Considering the meticulous and inconvenient method of reference it is surprising, since the author claims to be writing entirely on the basis of published works, how many statements he makes are unsupported by any justification either in the text or in the 'notes and references'. When he trespasses outside the published accounts (which sometimes mislead him) he is apt to volunteer details, e.g. of the Churchills' honeymoon, which may be inexact and which are certainly incomplete, without citing any authority.

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These, however, are minor and understandable blemishes on a useful and laborious work which was well worth undertaking. Everyone interested in the period and the man will await with lively expectation the subsequent volumes, which are understood to be in an advanced state of preparation.

Someone once said that to write a good biography you have to 'walk all round the man and see him from every angle'. The result of such an exercise, one would hope, would be 'a portrait in the round'. No final pronouncement can be made on Mr de Mendelssohn's work until his two successive volumes are available. A provisional judgment could be that, though he has attempted to survey the subject of his biography from many angles, he has not successfully seen him 'in the round'. One's judgment on this first volume must be that it is in the nature of a rewarding, gigantic and elaborate *pastiche* – but *pastiche* it is.

One-Eyed Kings

The Cold War and its Origins. By D. F. FLEMING. *Allen & Unwin. 5 gns.*

The New Imperialism. By HUGH SETON-WATSON. *Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.*

The Pattern of Communist Revolution. By HUGH SETON-WATSON. *Methuen. 30s.*

Any American who writes a history of the cold war in more than a thousand pages of spluttering polemics must not be surprised when he is pooh-poohed by most of the reviewers or panned as partisan. But, despite its very obvious defects, I found that I had learnt a great deal when I had finished Mr Fleming. Since 1928 the author has combined a Chair of International Relations with the role of roving reporter and columnist in the *Nashville Tennesseean* – on whose library of press cuttings these two unwieldy volumes seem to have been largely based. The result is the kind of lusty left-wing compilation which leaves no capitalist stone unturned, no reactionary skeleton in its cupboard – and, incidentally, no press cutting unused. Mr Fleming is a survivor of that muck-raking generation of Wilsonian Radicals who held that men decide their own fate and that history is not a scientific analysis of impersonal forces but a moral story, from which we can learn to do better. The best way to defend democracy, therefore, is to improve its leaders by constant exposure of their failings.

I must say I find this attitude refreshing, because it challenges the sense of inevitability that hangs over all of us. True, historical determinism can be a stimulus to action – but only when it is combined with a Cromwellian faith that God, or a Leninist view that history, is on your side. Here in the West, where our democracy is based on the individual's freedom of choice, determinism induces helplessness. By substituting causes for motives in the analysis of political action, the conventional historian destroys the power to act.

Mr Fleming challenges us to review the past in the light of two theses: (1) that the cold war was started by Mr Truman, aided by Sir Winston's Fulton speech; and (2) that the strategy employed for waging it made defeat inevitable. He can certainly claim that events have confirmed his criticisms of Military Containment, Massive Retaliation and Negotiation from Strength, which at first were voiced only by a few left-wingers – and by Mr Walter Lippmann. Yet his narrative will infuriate many of those who agree with its conclusions, because he always seems to be girding at the West for not acting differently, while blandly assuming that whatever the Russians did was 'natural' or 'inevitable.' Critics will accuse Mr Fleming of having two standards. But this is not quite fair. In recording the history of the Western democracies, where an opposition exists and alternative policies are debated, it is relevant to discuss what could have been done differently. In describing a Communist dictatorship, it is normally impossible to introduce this kind of discussion, because, even if there is an opposition with an alternative policy, its activities are secret. The two standards are not imported by a fellow-travelling bias; they are an inherent characteristic of the cold war which Mr Fleming is trying to describe.

The thesis of the first part of the book is far more contentious. 'It is altogether probable,' Mr Fleming writes, 'that if Roosevelt had been able to finish his fourth term in the White House there would have been no Cold War.' To prove this we are given lengthy analyses of the three conflicts from which the cold war sprang – the Polish crisis, the Iran crisis and the events following the Hiroshima bomb. But here history defeats the Radical critic. Mr Fleming is quite unable to show that Roosevelt could have prevented the communisation of Eastern Europe, the partition of Germany or the incidents in Iran that compelled the United States to join with Britain in an anti-Communist front. He is no more convincing about the atom bomb, where he rightly describes the Lilienthal plan for international ownership as a magnificent and imaginative proposal, which, however, the Russians were bound to turn down. In that case, how could Roosevelt, if he had lived, have averted the split?

The truth, I think, is that the cold war was caused neither by mistakes of Western statesmanship nor by any inherent conflict of interest, but by an incompatibility of behaviour between Western democracy and Eastern Communism. Roosevelt vainly believed that he could resolve this incompatibility partly by his personal charm and partly by agreeing with the Russians that what held East and West apart was the existence of European Empires. Get rid of colonialism, he believed, and co-existence was possible. Mr Fleming still fails to see that, if Roosevelt had lived and maintained his attitude, the result would have been not world peace but the gobbling up of the old empires by the new imperialism.

It is to a study of this new threat that Hugh Seton-Watson has devoted most of his life. In *The New Imperialism* he has given us a very short popular summary of the picture drawn in much greater detail in his *Pattern of Communist Revolution* – first published just after Stalin's death and now re-issued in a new edition, with two rather sketchy chapters to bring the story up to date.

Mr Seton-Watson is imbued with all the authoritative scholarship that Mr Fleming lacks. But he is no less partisan – though, in his case the 'two standards' work in reverse. By concentrating his whole attention on the Communist abuse of total power, he creates an impression of the West as an innocent victim of attack. 'Cold war and peaceful co-existence,' he remarks very shrewdly, 'are two different names for a single state of affairs. Neither is a policy.' But he then reasserts the strategy of military containment in its baldest form, claiming in his Preface (with what I am sure is a quite unconscious arrogance) that he has left the conclusions of his first edition completely unaltered, because they can't be improved. So we are still told that the Communist threat 'can be met only by the possession of overwhelming military force'; that 'Third Force manoeuvring and neutralism invite disaster'; and that 'the Western nations have sufficient military, diplomatic and economic resources to force Stalinism back and to accelerate its collapse without war.'

Seven years ago such delusions were pardonable. That Professor Seton-Watson should still cling to them, in defiance of all that has happened, shows that the accuracy, scholarship and style which he so conspicuously possesses, and which Professor Fleming lacks, are not the only prerequisites for writing contemporary history. Vision is required, and even partial vision is better than nothing. In the country of the blind . . .

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Wrap-Up

Dragon in the Kremlin. By MARVIN KALB. *Gollancz. 21s.*

During the fall of 1958, Mr Kalb realised how little we know about the alliance between China and the Soviet Union. In December of the same year, his curiosity was aroused 'to fever pitch' by the news that the communes were not to be pressed upon urban areas. Accordingly, he decided to make a concentrated study of the alliance. But the more he read, the more he learned how little was known. 'It was', he says, 'almost as though two red giants were poised to smash us, and we did not take the preliminary precaution of getting out of the way'. Finally, Mr Kalb came to the conclusion that there was no substitute for first-hand investigation; and, armed with a grant from a kindly Ford Foundation, he set off on his travels. This book is the result – and a sillier book on a serious subject I have never read.

Mr Kalb's first port of call was London, 'dressed as usual in morning coat and bowler hat'. There he talked with profound *Observer* analyst, Richard Loewenthal. Then he went to Oxford; but Professor Hudson, Peter Wiles and Guy Wint were out of town. In Paris, however, he met Sir Isaiah Berlin ('one of the West's outstanding intellects'). He told Berlin that he was anxious to learn about the Russo-Chinese alliance because he felt that our entire civilisation was being threatened by a powerful, but mysterious, coalition of forces. Sir Isaiah agreed. 'Certainly', he said, 'the threat is mysterious and powerful'. Next Mr Kalb went east – to 'pear-shaped Austria', and to Warsaw, where he talked with the country's people by night, and with its leaders by day. After Warsaw, Moscow; and after Moscow, New Delhi, Bangkok, Jakarta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Taipeh, Tokyo and a final chapter called 'wrap-up', which turns out to be Mr Kalb's conclusions.

The word 'mystery' occurs with irritating frequency throughout this book. The greatest mystery about it, however, is that according to the dust-cover Ed Murrow has gone on record in praise of the author's 'scholarship, research and precise reporting'.

DAVID MARQUAND

Heroes

Anzio. By WYNFORD VAUGHAN-THOMAS. *Longmans. 21s.*

Operation Bernhard. By ANTHONY PIRIE. *Cassell. 21s.*

The Unseen Eye. By G. MILLINGTON. *Gibbs & Phillips. 16s.*

Wavell. By BERNARD FERGUSSON. *Collins. 12s. 6d.*

Critch! The Memoirs of Brigadier-General Critchley. *Hutchinson. 30s.*

The supply of books about the first World War dried up after a 6-year spate; but books about the second have continued to flow for 16 uninterrupted years. There is more money about now than then, and therefore more readers. But the real cause of the difference, I suspect, is that in the early Thirties we had to face another war like the first, and did not want to know about it. Whereas now any war which may come seems likely to be so different that we escape into the last war with nostalgic eagerness.

Even so there are signs that the flow is at last subsiding. Most of the generals have had their say, the great campaigns have been dealt with and what now remain are the special operations – three of which are dealt with here. Mr Vaughan-Thomas was himself an observer at Anzio, that second Gallipoli thought up by Churchill and bungled by others; but his book is not just vivid personal reminiscence. It is also a cool appraisal, written long enough after the event and after digestion of the official and private papers to make it history rather than journalism.

Mr Pirie had no first-hand experience of the German operation he describes in *Operation Bernhard;* but nor had Heinrich Muller, the head of the Gestapo. The plan – based on Lenin's theory – to break Britain's economy by flooding the world with forged five-pound notes was so secret that even the Gestapo were allowed no hand in it, with the result that, out of jealousy, they did their best to sabotage it. Out of careful research and brilliant detective work, Mr Pirie has produced a true adventure story.

The 'Unseen Eye' is the camera carried over enemy lines by fighter planes to spot dispositions and movements. If the eye was unseen, the plane which carried it was not, and Air Commodore Millington, one of the originals on the job, describes in tally-ho style something of what the fox must feel as he races back to base with the pack after him.

Wavell was Bernard Fergusson's hero; and one of the purposes of this book is to fire a catapult at anyone – but especially Churchill – who has disparaged the great man. The book has nostalgic charm in its evocation of a bygone age when generals wrote verses, set their troops exercises called Golden Fleece, were considered revolutionary if they used an aeroplane, and were hard put to it to find anything for junior officers to do after 1 p.m. each day.

Brigadier-General Critchley also evokes a bygone age, or at least what is, I hope, a bygone type of mind. He writes off the General Strike with these words: 'The strike was over, things became normal again. It was a very pleasant life'. Despite its variety – soldiering in two world wars, golf, politics, greyhound racing, flying and big business – the book all seems remote enough from reality until it describes the moment when, in one real sense, the author lost the world. Feeling suddenly ill one day, he said to his

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J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Lame, the Halt, and the Blind

The Imagination of Charles Dickens. By A. O. J. COCKSHUT. *Collins.* 16s.

'In the last 25 years,' writes A. O. J. Cockshut, 'Dickens has advanced from the "classics" shelf in the preparatory school library to the position of a real and acknowledged classic.' Twenty years ago Edmund Wilson began what was to become a historic essay with the angry remark that of all the great English writers Dickens had received 'the scantiest serious attention from either biographers, scholars, or critics.' And when Mr Wilson went on to affirm that Dickens was not only 'incomparably the greatest English writer of his time,' but the greatest dramatic writer of England since Shakespeare, he evidently expected that his assertions would be either ignored or resisted. Mr Wilson's claim could be advanced today without much fear of anyone's turning a hair. Indeed, one of the more interesting things about the critical restoration of Dickens is that it was achieved almost without being challenged. And though this fact may be taken as another indication of the intellectual torpor of the age, it may also be taken to indicate that Dickens's claim, once it began to be properly advanced, was irresistible. Since that time Dickens has not wanted for serious attention from biographers, scholars, and critics. Mr Cockshut's excellent study will take its place among the growing body of intelligent commentary on Dickens.

It was not an accident, of course, that this critical rehabilitation took place when it did. For the revival of interest in Dickens occurred by way of modern literature, and the assimilation of the great 20th-century innovators to the central literary tradition had to run its course before Dickens could be considered freshly. The achievements of Eliot, Lawrence, and Joyce, of Kafka, Proust, and Faulkner, altered not only the literary tradition but the very quality of our perceptions. It is by the strange, intense light which such writers cast back upon the past that we now read Dickens and recognise his importance in the modern tradition. What were once dismissed as Dickens's grotesque impossibilities are accepted as literal truths. The intensifications, distortions, and dislocations through which modern art discovered how to render a truthful and significant representation of modern reality have also taught us to understand Dickens's imagination. Few students today can read *Our Mutual Friend* without becoming aware of how their response to it has been prepared by *The Waste Land* or *Ulysses*. The relevance that modern readers find in *Bleak House* ought not, I think, to be thought of apart from the relevance they have already found in Kafka's *The Trial*. What we have learned from Freud about the nature of the unconscious mind, what we have learned from Lawrence about the influence of industrial civilisation on our deepest responses, what in effect we have learned from the experience of modernity, has also helped us to learn to read Dickens again.

It would be a mistake to think Dickens needed restoring for any group in our society but the literary and the sophisticated. Hardly anyone can fail to know that Dickens has remained a perennial popular favourite or that he continues to be read by persons who would not think of reading his contemporaries. One of the questions to which Mr Cockshut addresses himself is 'how was it possible, in the 19th century, to be a best-seller and a true classic at the same time?' He intends to show, he says, 'that the popular idol and the great artist are not only the same person, but completely inseparable for criticism.' To this end he examines a number of major attributes of Dickens's writing. He gives us the best discussion of Dickens's humour I have seen, demonstrating the differences between the early comedy of free-wheeling fantasy, an intermediate stage as represented by such figures as Pecksniff and Micawber, and the 'moral seriousness' and controlled satire of the last great novels. As Dickens's 'comic exuberance declined,' he concludes, 'his comic gifts were not wasted, but transformed.'

Following a tendency common to most recent commentators, Mr Cockshut gives special attention to Dickens's development. Indeed, there is little doubt that the career which began with the *Pickwick Papers* and ended, say, with *Our Mutual Friend*, encompasses one of the most extraordinary experiences of growth in our literature. Moreover, compared to the careers of Henry James and James Joyce – the two other compelling instances among modern novelists of extended and radical evolution – there is nothing equivocal about the achievement of the final phase. Appreciative of this, Mr Cockshut also makes a curious qualification: 'the lack of spiritual and intellectual development,' he comments, 'is excused by the wonderful development in imagination and technique.' Such a separation is, I think, untenable. It undermines the ideas of development and imagination, and tends to reduce technique to mechanical skill. Mr Cockshut is trying to deal with the difficult question of Dickens's formal intellectual innocence, yet his remark oddly resembles some of the old statements that used to be made about Dickens's inadequate education or his deficient knowledge of literature. In 1838, the young G. H. Lewes, paying a call on Dickens, was shocked 'by the sight of his bookshelves, on which were ranged nothing but three-volume novels and books of travel, all obviously the presentation copies from authors and publishers.' Lewes left, impressed with Dickens's alertness and vivacity, but without 'any sense of distinction.'

By distinction Lewes clearly meant such cultivation as accrues from an established acquaintance with the great past. But to find the author of the *Pickwick Papers* lacking in this is to stand accused of making the kind of judgment from appearances of which only certain cultivated minds seem capable. Mr Cockshut sometimes inclines to accept this attitude, and in the degree that he does certain of his notions seem to me incorrect, particularly his notion of Dickens's Christianity. In his view, Dickens had 'absolutely no sense of sanctity.' He approvingly quotes a recent comment about Dickens's 'religious inanity.' 'Dickens's religion,' he continues, 'a kind of loose, moralistic Anglicanism-cum-unitarianism, was perfectly sincere – but it was both confused and inconsistent.

Here Mr Cockshut appears to have raised a real question: in respect of doctrine, of a coherent body of ideas and beliefs, Dickens's religious attitudes are of course inadequate. But the same thing may be said about the majority of the great 19th-century figures from Blake and Wordsworth onward. Furthermore, the tendency of criticism to judge such figures from the point of view of doctrinal coherence seems no longer so formidable or relevant as it once did. Yet to move from this genuine problem to Mr Cockshut's further assertions requires something more than logic. Against them, I should like to oppose Dostoevsky, who spoke of Dickens as 'that great Christian', and Tolstoy, who called him the most Christian of all English novelists. What they were responding to, I suggest, was something beyond Dickens's feeling for common humanity. They were responding to what I would call his primitive Christianity, to the fact that he represented as no novelist before him ever had, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and that he could find even in such desolation and affliction the conditions of full humanity. For Dickens is the great English novelist of suffering. *Little Dorrit*, for example, is one of the most terrible representations of humiliation ever created: it seems to describe both the universal personal experience and the innermost law of society.

The question of religion is relevant both to Dickens's development and to his modernity. The developing moral vision which his novels successively reveal runs parallel with the steadily worsening personal and spiritual crisis of the second half of his career; the terms in which that vision was articulated and in which that crisis was experienced bear close affinities with certain religious ideas and emotions, even if in his final works Dickens appears to be moving away from Christianity. As for Dickens's modernity, I would suggest that his passionate hatred of injustice, his presentiment that modern society is itself a kind of

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NELSON

damnation, a state in which we are all entangled with one another and yet profoundly isolated from one another – all these qualities, I suggest, which make Dickens, in Mr Cockshut's words, 'almost the only poet of industrial society' are essentially, as in Blake and Lawrence, the attributes of a religious nature.

STEVEN MARCUS

Myth, Might and Muddle

Africa and the Victorians. By RONALD ROBINSON and JOHN GALLAGHER. *Macmillan. 45s.*

Imperialism, it has been said, is not a word for historians. This has not prevented other people or, for that matter, historians themselves from using it promiscuously. The myths are too useful to discard: they are sustained by theories and expressed in slogans. A serious debate about the myths usually ends in a slanging match, and in recent years the match has usually been played in the international league.

The authors of this interesting, penetrating and profoundly provocative book first appeared as myth-breakers a few years ago when they set out to show for academic specialists that the much-vaunted 'anti-imperialism' of the mid-Victorians concealed a continuous quest for power overseas. In this large case-study of Africa they seek to show that the 'imperialism' of the late-Victorians, about which even more has been written, concealed a contraction and a decline of power, a hardening of arteries and of hearts. Taken together, the two theses amount to a single thesis. 'The Palmerstonians were no more "anti-imperialist" than their successors, although they were more often able to achieve their purposes informally; and the late-Victorians were no more "imperialist" than their predecessors, though they were driven to extend imperial claims more often.'

The merit of this thesis is that it sets the events of the last 50 years and the present day in a far more convincing historical framework than the orthodox view. The late Victorians are usually contrasted unfavourably with the earlier Victorians, as far as initiative, enterprise and energy are concerned. The building of an empire figures as an aberration, the symbol not of absence of mind but of vigour of purpose. If, however, as Mr Gallagher and Mr Robinson suggest, the main motive behind the acquisition of new territory in the late 19th century was the desire to preserve what was already held, the late Victorians were clearly coming to suspect, if not to know, that Britain's power was in decline. They certainly acquired empire mainly through crises. There were frequent and prolonged debates within the cabinet about whether to use force, about what should be the size of commitments in particular places, and about the effects of intervention on other countries. Arguments in London were too often accompanied by muddles on the spot. In short, although the late Victorians were building an empire, not breaking an empire up, they were already moving in the kind of world in which we move today.

They were not, of course, very conscious of the power of ideas in this situation, let alone ideologies, although many of the ideas that contributed towards the breaking up of an empire were being worked out in London. They were not confronted with the existence of indigenous black nationalism, although they already had to face nationalism of a

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

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Yet the student of the vulgar arts – show business, entertainment and the like, which having no social position to keep up have thrown themselves into the new industrial age without reservation – can hardly fail to notice how remote even the few pioneer attempts of the critics are from the reality of the phenomenon. For the dominant fact of mass production in the arts is not technological but economic. It is the sheer volume of production, which submerges us hourly, and which has already immunised us against the sound of music and the sight of printed paper or photographed moving figures, as inhabitants of tropical countries are immunised against the lesser intestinal infections. What is more, it is the sheer volume of the demand for *new* products.

The TV scriptwriter must produce a new crop of jokes weekly; the newspaper columnist daily. In the USA this summer about 80-100 different singles records and 25 LPs were released *each week*. Out of the Top Hundred (which the trade journals register with the accuracy due to the thermometer of profit) 65 items at any time were less than 6 weeks old, only 5 to 10 older than 12 weeks. A random issue of *Variety* selects 70 leading TV film series in ten American cities (mostly Westerns and suchlike), which implies the manufacture of something like 3,600 films a year, or more than that of Rolls Royce cars. A show in a theatre seating 1,500 can run for years; but one which plays its premiere to several millions, though capable of occasional revivals, must change at every performance. The problem for the critic is to see how this unprecedented situation affects the process of creation.

In the first place, of course, it implies a division of labour which virtually collectivises it. That this occurs in individualist activities like composing pop songs (which may have separate composers, harmonisers, arrangers etc.) or writing (with the growing role of 'editors' in American publishing) is even more significant than that it occurs in technically complex and co-operative ones like shows. At its worst, the thing is instructive, for it demonstrates just how much of artistic creation can be mechanised: in a pop song all but a whistled eight bars or less, in hack writing all but 'based on an idea by'. At its average, it produces a degree of professionalism and technical accomplishment which set new standards of craftsmanship: the 'new wave' in France has shown how much can be learned even from B movies. Their taut narrative craftsmanship, the competence of the commercial arranger who can get any orchestral effect with a dozen instruments, the brilliance of film editors and recording engineers, the TV teams which turn out first-class documentaries at moment's notice, are part of industrialisation. They have to be. Nobody could produce a daily documentary by the techniques which will do for a travel-book.

Still, a combination of superb experts cannot replace ideas, for which the demand is also in excess of the oldfashioned supply. The answer is standardisation. Naturally, the most elementary methods by which artists cope with excessive demand, producing to formula and substituting systematic variation (or stealing) for new ideas, have long been practised by popular fiction-writers and wits, and in the ancient jungles of musical and stage entertainment. Variation is extremely easy to disguise: Gershwin's 'Summertime' – certainly an unconscious loan – is note for note the same as the old spiritual, 'Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child', but hardly anyone is aware of the fact. Still, I doubt whether the ancient hacks ever arrived at filing-cabinets of joke or musical themes, or pushed formula writing to modern lengths. On the other hand the pressure of modern mass production has produced an original method of coping with demand, the free flow of goonish fantasy which connoisseurs appreciate, not only on the air, but also in many of the best of the newspaper strips.

Formula and variation are incompatible with romantic masterpieces, but not with a form of creation which, though it baffles orthodox criticism, has a long and respectable history in the arts: the endless epic or myth. Just as Robin Hood survived the Middle Ages better than Tristan, though none of the ballads about him were of any great literary value, so the gangster, the private eye and the Wild West supply us with the Iliads of our century despite the mediocrity of their public appearances. Mass production, like popular art at all times – and here modern technique restores ancient practice – produces not so much individual 'works' of value as flows, held together by common situations, characters and styles. Like the good couturier's, the good hack's achievement depends not on individual masterpieces – we must discount the judgment of equally hack critics – but on a house style, an ambience, which has to be absorbed in large quantities. That is why the best radio serials have always crept stealthily into their reputations, or why Sherlock Holmes can compete as a universal myth with Robinson Crusoe.

All such arguments, of course, have one major defect. Since they apply with equal force to the most moronic and the most impressive mass products, they give no guidance whatever as to quality, which is the critic's business. Yet they are not special pleading. At least they demonstrate the total inadequacy of traditional concepts of the orthodox arts in the face of industrial revolution. We may not go so far as Benjamin, who faced and justified even the most horrible aspect of mass art, the inattention which it imposes on the public, as a revolutionary break with the historically outdated individualist attitude of 'contemplation.' It may be true that inattention and habit will promote a new social attitude towards the arts analogous to that which men have always had towards public architecture, and that they alone will allow us to absorb the revolution in perception which our age has brought. But does this really reconcile us to a world dominated by Juke Box Jury? No. But, reconciled or not, it is time critics acquired the equipment to understand it.

Transistorama

REYNER BANHAM

It was corny, but compulsive. I strode over the darkling dunes, down the deserted and wind-swept beach until the sea was breaking over my legs, and then, alone in the universe and the roaring surf, I listened – to the *Egmont* overture coming out of my top pocket. If it hadn't been a Beethoven Prom that was being relayed, the thought would never have occurred to me. But transistor radios seem to be so precisely the last fulfilment of the Romantic dream (a private music, cosmic in scale, drawn from the ether) that, as I say, it was compulsive.

Similar compulsions, no doubt, lie behind the acts that provoked punitive legislation against portable radios on beaches, but they cannot have been true transistors, since those would be too small to be heard at any great range. I need hardly add that I am not using the word 'true' in the electronic sense, but in the cultural – a 'true' transistor receiver is one that fulfils the cultural promise of mechanised sound, the process by which music (and kind both in north and in south Africa. The differences and similarities between past and present make this an admirable primer for colonial civil servants, inside and away from Whitehall. Politicians might learn also. The third chapter on South Africa includes many comments that might be made today. The fourth chapter is actually called 'the Suez Crisis', although the date is 1882. At least as many mistakes were being made then – if it is any consolation – as are being made now. Mr Gallagher and Mr Robinson even suggest, surely against the feel of their period, that the late Victorians approached their problems in a mood of defeatism, resigned to 'a bleaker present'. Some statesmen undoubtedly did, notably Gladstone and Salisbury, but Chamberlain was notoriously exuberant. Not even the authors of this book can knock the exuberance out of the 1890s.

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He is right also in observing that the 'artistic' character of the reproducible work may well turn out to be quite secondary to, or at least inseparable from, other functions; and to face frankly, with Brecht, the prospect that industrialisation – or under capitalism, the conversion of art into a commodity – is a stage through which the arts may have to pass. For both artists and critics, including those actually employed in the industralised arts, are still too often engaged in a mere rearguard action on behalf of an old-fashioned individual craft production.

Yet the student of the vulgar arts – show business, entertainment and the like, which having no social position to keep up have thrown themselves into the new industrial age without reservation – can hardly fail to notice how remote even the few pioneer attempts of the critics are from the reality of the phenomenon. For the dominant fact of mass production in the arts is not technological but economic. It is the sheer volume of production, which submerges us hourly, and which has already immunised us against the sound of music and the sight of printed paper or photographed moving figures, as inhabitants of tropical countries are immunised against the lesser intestinal infections. What is more, it is the sheer volume of the demand for *new* products.

The TV scriptwriter must produce a new crop of jokes weekly; the newspaper columnist daily. In the USA this summer about 80-100 different singles records and 25 LPs were released *each week*. Out of the Top Hundred (which the trade journals register with the accuracy due to the thermometer of profit) 65 items at any time were less than 6 weeks old, only 5 to 10 older than 12 weeks. A random issue of *Variety* selects 70 leading TV film series in ten American cities (mostly Westerns and suchlike), which implies the manufacture of something like 3,600 films a year, or more than that of Rolls Royce cars. A show in a theatre seating 1,500 can run for years; but one which plays its premiere to several millions, though capable of occasional revivals, must change at every performance. The problem for the critic is to see how this unprecedented situation affects the process of creation.

In the first place, of course, it implies a division of labour which virtually collectivises it. That this occurs in individualist activities like composing pop songs (which may have separate composers, harmonisers, arrangers etc.) or writing (with the growing role of 'editors' in American publishing) is even more significant than that it occurs in technically complex and co-operative ones like shows. At its worst, the thing is instructive, for it demonstrates just how much of artistic creation can be mechanised: in a pop song all but a whistled eight bars or less, in hack writing all but 'based on an idea by'. At its average, it produces a degree of professionalism and technical accomplishment which set new standards of craftsmanship: the 'new wave' in France has shown how much can be learned even from B movies. Their taut narrative craftsmanship, the competence of the commercial arranger who can get any orchestral effect with a dozen instruments, the brilliance of film editors and recording engineers, the TV teams which turn out first-class documentaries at moment's notice, are part of industrialisation. They have to be. Nobody could produce a daily documentary by the techniques which will do for a travel-book.

Still, a combination of superb experts cannot replace ideas, for which the demand is also in excess of the oldfashioned supply. The answer is standardisation. Naturally, the most elementary methods by which artists cope with excessive demand, producing to formula and substituting systematic variation (or stealing) for new ideas, have long been practised by popular fiction-writers and wits, and in the ancient jungles of musical and stage entertainment. Variation is extremely easy to disguise: Gershwin's 'Summertime' – certainly an unconscious loan – is note for note the same as the old spiritual, 'Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child', but hardly anyone is aware of the fact. Still, I doubt whether the ancient hacks ever arrived at filing-cabinets of joke or musical themes, or pushed formula writing to modern lengths. On the other hand the pressure of modern mass production has produced an original method of coping with demand, the free flow of goonish fantasy which connoisseurs appreciate, not only on the air, but also in many of the best of the newspaper strips.

Formula and variation are incompatible with romantic masterpieces, but not with a form of creation which, though it baffles orthodox criticism, has a long and respectable history in the arts: the endless epic or myth. Just as Robin Hood survived the Middle Ages better than Tristan, though none of the ballads about him were of any great literary value, so the gangster, the private eye and the Wild West supply us with the Iliads of our century despite the mediocrity of their public appearances. Mass production, like popular art at all times – and here modern technique restores ancient practice – produces not so much individual 'works' of value as flows, held together by common situations, characters and styles. Like the good couturier's, the good hack's achievement depends not on individual masterpieces – we must discount the judgment of equally hack critics – but on a house style, an ambience, which has to be absorbed in large quantities. That is why the best radio serials have always crept stealthily into their reputations, or why Sherlock Holmes can compete as a universal myth with Robinson Crusoe.

All such arguments, of course, have one major defect. Since they apply with equal force to the most moronic and the most impressive mass products, they give no guidance whatever as to quality, which is the critic's business. Yet they are not special pleading. At least they demonstrate the total inadequacy of traditional concepts of the orthodox arts in the face of industrial revolution. We may not go so far as Benjamin, who faced and justified even the most horrible aspect of mass art, the inattention which it imposes on the public, as a revolutionary break with the historically outdated individualist attitude of 'contemplation.' It may be true that inattention and habit will promote a new social attitude towards the arts analogous to that which men have always had towards public architecture, and that they alone will allow us to absorb the revolution in perception which our age has brought. But does this really reconcile us to a world dominated by Juke Box Jury? No. But, reconciled or not, it is time critics acquired the equipment to understand it.

Transistorama

REYNER BANHAM

It was corny, but compulsive. I strode over the darkling dunes, down the deserted and wind-swept beach until the sea was breaking over my legs, and then, alone in the universe and the roaring surf, I listened – to the *Egmont* overture coming out of my top pocket. If it hadn't been a Beethoven Prom that was being relayed, the thought would never have occurred to me. But transistor radios seem to be so precisely the last fulfilment of the Romantic dream (a private music, cosmic in scale, drawn from the ether) that, as I say, it was compulsive.

Similar compulsions, no doubt, lie behind the acts that provoked punitive legislation against portable radios on beaches, but they cannot have been true transistors, since those would be too small to be heard at any great range. I need hardly add that I am not using the word 'true' in the electronic sense, but in the cultural – a 'true' transistor receiver is one that fulfils the cultural promise of mechanised sound, the process by which music (and oratory) have been reduced from public, social experiences, first to a domestic service (gramophone, steam radio) and then to a private experience with the miniaturised sets that enable a man at a map reference on the Norfolk coast to hear the proceedings in the Albert Hall without being encumbered by any apparatus larger than a tobacco tin.

The cultural consequences of this fantastic revolution I leave to those qualified to speak of it, if they have yet grasped them. My intention here is to consider the consequences in industrial design, because this year's Radio Show doesn't suggest that these have yet been grasped either. The radio industry, loaded down with furniture-trade prejudices, doesn't seem to be anywhere near sorting out the form and style of transistor sets. They are still designing 'cabinets', usually rectangular, with a base at the bottom to stand on the floor and a back to push up against the wall – this on objects smaller than a paperback *Zhivago*.

Yet the whole point about transistors is that they are, in the Italian term which tells more than the English, *tascabile* – capable of being pocketed. They are objects of the order of pipes and cigarette cases and lighters, that ride around in the interstices of our clothes, and are held in the hand when taken out. Yet the handling qualities of most examples of this midget electronic plant are quite appalling, the more so in objects that are superficially well designed. Example: Murphy's B585. The makers have a justifiably good reputation, and this particular machine, whose performance seems excellent, represents an overdue innovation – a 'personal' set with VHF. It is visually unconvincing – typography has got the better of plasticity so that the end-product looks like a rectangular box in a paper wrapper – but this is less important than its uncomfortable performance in the hand. The controls are awkwardly placed (a persistent complaint against small transistor sets) and most comfortable compromises between an effective grip and a clear view of the tuning strip seem to result in the aerial (over two feet long when extended) becoming horizontal and caught up in the surrounding landscape. Even more unfortunate, the plastic of its case is thin and deforms easily under thumb pressure, giving an impression of flimsiness that is not reassuring (it may be perfectly strong enough in fact, but subjectively it inspires no confidence).

As I said, Murphy have a good reputation, earned by their sets *as furniture*. To get up to an equally good reputation for their midgets they will have to tackle the hand-tool aspects with equal thoroughness. At present, the firms that seem to produce most consistently successful transistors are those with no furniture tradition for a ball-and-chain – most notably in Japan, where transistor manufacture is liable to be in double harness with camera-production, electric shavers and other hand-held equipment.

This looks like a rich field for ergonomic experiment, of which the result seems unlikely to be a rectangular box. More likely a shlurp shape with fairly pronounced ridges and hollows so that the controls can be found blind. Temper this proposition with a dash of style, and you get something like an electric shaver with push button controls where the cutter head was and a tuning or volume control (edge-wheels) in the seam on either side. But this is such a personal thing (and properly so) that your version may be different. Go through the motions of taking something out of your pocket, cupping it to the ear and tuning it with any spare digits you have. Whatever you get, it isn't at Earl's Court.

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What Makes Sammy?

GEORGE MELLY

Whether or not the famous golfing story is true ('What's your handicap Mr Davis?' 'I'm a one-eyed Jewish Negro'), the difficulty for me, and I imagine every NEW STATESMAN reader, is to be unprejudiced in favour of a charming and gifted man who is also a Jewish Negro (the one eye is less important). But there's no need to worry. The thing about Sammy Davis (currently at the Prince of Wales) is that he is not a first-class *coloured* entertainer, just a first-class entertainer.

Technically, he's perfected the essentially modern trick of doing things like loosening his tie or mopping his forehead so that they appear spontaneous and contrived at the same time. He also, and how he manages it I don't know, gives an impression of real modesty. Perhaps the explanation is that he really is modest. One *likes* him. The only mannerism I find personally very irritating is that when he has made a joke – and most of his jokes are funny – and the audience has begun to laugh, he then pretends to have suddenly grasped the point and knocks himself out. A cynical little smile would be more effective.

And so we come to his material. Well, it must be admitted that it's tailor-made for his audience. That's what I find wrong with it. He could and should aim higher.

On the credit side, he can swing. He talks easily, and his imitations are truly creative. Here, strangely enough, the two most acid are his Sinatra, who emerges as a psychopathic bully, and Dean Martin, whom he sees as an incompetent drunk. *Qu'est-ce que c'est ce Clan*? My favourite moment was when, during a not too kind approximation of 'your own' Frankie Vaughan, his hands began, seemingly of their own volition, to form and reform a square in the air.

What I don't like is that his whole material is shot through and through with a belief in the magic and self-sufficiency of Show Business. At its worst, it is embarrassing, but even at its best, it is a terribly sterile field. He is faced, of course, with the dilemma of the modern international star. Continuously on the move, his life a series of big hotels, theatres, and night clubs – what else does he really know about? An artist like Marie Lloyd could *use* working-class life in Edwardian London and her audience knew what she was on about; but what is there in common between, say, Las Vegas and London? Only Show Business. The result is an audience with whom a reference to Al Burnett produces the sort of laughter that, in other equally empty circles, is reserved for a mention of Binkie Beaumont.

Of course, it doesn't really matter except that there is a lot of talent there that could be doing something else. About twice in the evening he makes the sort of joke one associates with Mort Sahl or Lennie Bruce, and it had the effect on me of a double gin drunk neat at one swallow. Sammy Davis *could* be a modern comedian. At one moment he gives us an explanation of why he works so hard. 'I like', he says, 'to eat'. I don't believe him. I feel that the real reason is that he needs that great warm sentimental give-and-take across the footlights. Later on he claims that Al Jolson is his hero and example. A pity. I wish it were Groucho Marx or W. C. Fields. It could be.

Demons and Lesbians

ROGER GELLERT

Opening in lousy weather, the Edinburgh Festival's first batch of drama has had a dank look too. *Luther* has been seen in London already, *Sappho* is an act of pious exhumation, and the Old Vic's *Doctor Faustus* will not be setting Princes Street afire.

Despite Michael Benthall's reasonable contention that theatre in the round should be looked down on (physically speaking), not up to, the Assembly Hall makes a fine resonant vault for Marlowe's mighty line, and even those in the front seats miss little of the action – which abounds, with devils swooping down every gangway, courtly or papal processions surging through the stalls. But what a ludicrous play this is, really. Faustus, presented to us as one of the great brains of Europe, comes after years of study and disillusion to the point of selling his soul to hell in exchange for limitless magic powers. He doesn't appear, however, to have given a moment's thought to what he is going to do with them. His first notion is to have a wife, which one feels he might have managed off his own bat. Mocked out of this by Mephisto, he can do no better than play infantile pranks on the Pope, and perform conjuring tricks for an Emperor. How can we take such a ninny seriously, either as scholar or as tragic hero?

Well, Paul Daneman does his best. He is about as good as an actor can be without showing any spark of genius; handsome, intelligent, humorous, forceful; always adequate, never quite surprising or exciting. He makes a trim, dapper, absurdly young Faustus with a voice of foggy nobility, and if no earth-shaker, easily overshadows the Mephisto of Michael Goodliffe, a gifted modern-dress actor who has nothing to offer in classical parts. Walter Hudd as Prologue is more tedious than brief, and Robert Eddison (who would have made a fascinating Mephisto) is again wastefully miscast as Lucifer. The real star of the show is Michael Annals, whose costumes for the devils and particularly the Seven Deadly Sins are real and alarming inventions. Envy (a white, flayed, near-skeleton figure, flapping with nerves and sinews) and Sloth (a mollusc-like mixture of walrus and ant-eater) will not, once seen, be lightly forgotten.

In a press conference after the first night of *Sappho* (Lyceum), Lawrence Durrell, giving his usual disarming impression of a teddy-bear with a hangover, confessed that at the time he wrote it he had only seen two plays on the stage, one of which was *Charley's Aunt*. This might account both for the unwieldy length of the published text (it has been vastly cut and reshaped for this production, but still not enough), and for the disjointed, undramatic quality of the action.

Endowed by Mr Durrell with a stammer, drooping through a life of ennui and poetic supper-parties, Sappho consoles herself with young men (if young women too, we are not told); and the two young men we are concerned with in this play are Pittakos and Phaon, brothers. Pittakos is a noisy, beefy, stupid demagogue, whom Sappho (in her secret function as voice of the local oracle) has earlier rid herself of by dispatching him to make needless war on Sparta. Phaon, an angry idealist twice as disillusioned as Sappho herself, returns from self-imposed exile on an island where he has had leprosy and learnt to fish; played by Richard Gale, he looks and sounds like our own John Osborne, sizzling with jeremiads and sun-tan lotion. Sappho queasily seduces him, with a cosy line in love-talk such as 'hard to define the gradations of one's self-disgust' (this is a fair sample of Mr Durrell's dramatic style). Pittakos now reappears, flushed with victory and ready to take up Sappho where he left her off: and for a moment, thanks to Nigel Davenport, who enjoyably catches the vulgar narcissism and cunning of this big baby dictator, the play perks up a bit. But Mr Durrell has no ideas about building a conflict of personalities, and after a few well-chosen *mots* the play distintegrates in a flurry of gratuitous action. A dredged-up tablet seems to indicate (wrongly, as it turns out) that Sappho's much-deceived husband is really her father; Pittakos uses the scandal as pretext for packing her off to Corinth, thereby ridding himself of one who had declined from a lover into an embarrassing liberal opposition; and she avenges herself by rousing Corinth against Lesbos and destroying both brothers, to return in funereal triumph, grey-haired and black-wimpled, like Ruth Draper come to judgment. It is hard to know what to say of Miss Rawlings' performance except that one wishes she wouldn't do it. It is just not enough to have a fine dark-brown voice; one must also act with one's brain and body, and Miss Rawlings has been too long removed from the hurly-burly of full-time professional acting to bother with such disciplines. The result is a stifling dark-brown gloom. But the play is an irrecoverably dead duck anyway.

To cheer myself up, I went to see *Let Wives Tak Tent* (Gateway), Robert Kemp's lallans version of *L'Ecole des Femmes*. To an unversed sassenach, most of the 17th-century scots dialect is as impenetrable as Chinese; but there is plenty to enjoy in Duncan Macrae's uninhibited display of high calvinist camp in the role of the jealous guardian, and Margo Croan makes an enchanting mouse-heroine of his innocently rebellious ward.

Back in London, the Youth Theatre at the Apollo have turned their attention to *Henry IV Part 2*, a very different matter from *Richard II*. Sandwiched among some stiffish political plotwork, this play (especially in the Gloucestershire scenes) touches some of the high-spots of English or any drama. Justice Shallow's musings on death are the perfect complement to Hamlet's, and in the warmth, splendour and beastliness of Falstaff we glimpse timeless kinship with an Azdak or a Puntila, and feel that the author's unspoken criticism is not much different. The Youth Theatre's performance is extremely lively, the Falstaff not humorous enough but unexpectedly solid, the Shallow, Silence and King Henry all splendid in their different ways. In spite of its off-putting advance publicity, *The Lord Chamberlain Regrets* (Saville) turns out to be quite a good specimen of bitchy, old-style topical revue. Most of the material is far funnier than that served up for Kenneth Williams by Peter Cook, and look where *he* has got since then! I particularly treasured the predicament of the negro-bashing Mosleyite who overdid the He-Tan and woke up the colour of Jomo Kenyatta; and the 18th-century Juke Box Jury unanimously voting the Hallelujah Chorus a Miss. But I regret two highly unsporting cracks at Joan Sutherland and Christine Truman.

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Polaris ?
War ?

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More, M. Mocky!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

At the Paris-Pullman the expectations and the billing are all for Michael Cacoyannis's *Our Last Spring;* but in fact the second film in the programme *The Love-Trap* (*Un Couple*) comes top, and so I will take it first. This is an elusive, touching, funny, post-nouvelle-vague excursus upon young love: three-years-married love, that's to say, when the partners, who have vowed honesty, come to questioning whether for them bed still has the right response. They're shocked, they hesitate, doubt. They separate – for a day – then rush back ecstatically. But it lasts only a while. Separations, reunions prelude the final break. This may not sound exceptional material; but the lovers, played by Jean Kosta and Juliette Mayniel, exhibit both sincerity and charm, and the realism or (as some may regard it) cynicism of the tale is pointed by satirical instances of married life that reveal M. Mocky as a considerable humorist. *The Love-Trap* has its individual problem, which is shielded from satire, but the rest of it plays round in the matrimonial field with more down-to-earth liveliness than I have seen since Jacques Tati.

There is the cinema audience to start with, reacting to the prospect of a censorable film: this comes before the title. There's a social evening with two horrible septuagenarians enthroned. There's a toymakers' convention in the country, when it rains most of the time and the raucous laughter of children mingles with the sex-whoops of their elders. Seduction is made comic, middle-age knows no shame. Not all of this, of course, is equally funny. The middle of the film drags a little, both in humour and sentiment. But visually we are shocked into laughter; and Mocky knows how to drill on a nerve of exasperation and fun. By repetition he can lull us into the security of a joke situation, and then – when it's almost too late – introduce the twist that blows up in our faces. His ending is a brilliant example of this. The elusiveness of *The Love-Trap* results from its mingling of sentiment and satire, poised problem and comic let-down. The final separation and the squalid affair leading up to it aren't really inevitable. But the comedy is. Next time perhaps Mocky will abandon himself to it.

Cacoyannis's fifth film is, I'm sorry to say, by far his least effective. That architecture of coast town, ceremony, and legend which he has hitherto achieved in melodramatic black and white, here misses its tones and sags in its shapes. What should be a powerful study of adolescent love and hero-worship – a Greek equivalent to *Le Grand Meaulnes* – never really gets free of patterns and poses. The youngsters come to life (especially Jenny Russell in her consulate garden), only to be squeezed back into their allotted roles. There are moments, needless to say, of charm, of drama and spectacle; mourning athletes on a shore, torches in the night, bewitch the eye; Walter Lassally's camera is never at fault. If only artificiality hadn't stubbed out the vital nerve!

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Otherwise this week has seen Shirley MacLaine incomprehensibly and ineptly shipped off to schoolmarming in New Zealand (*Spinster*, at the Carlton), and the beginning of the mighty Visconti season at the National Film Theatre. *Ossessione* (1942) outlives its early discovery of the American tough novel, outlives much even of the neo-realist movement to which it gave rise, and is today, especially in its first half, a splendid blow for naturalism without trappings.

Snow and Rock

LOUIS MACNEICE

A writer who has moved much in academic circles said to me of C. P. Snow's brilliant novel *The Masters* that, while it was generally true to the peculiar life of senior common rooms, it was false in one most important respect: real dons, he said, are as acrimonious and dishonest and intriguing as those in *The Masters* but, unlike them, they do have a sense of humour and can even at moments see themselves in perspective. I remembered this when watching the very interesting talk on ITV between Sir Charles Snow and Malcolm Muggeridge. For a man with such a varied career, our outstanding example of combined scientist and artist (not to mention civil servant), Sir Charles on the screen came over surprisingly monotonous. It was, to be fair, the monotony of an honest and highly intelligent man who takes things seriously but I did towards the end feel like murmuring: 'Oh that this too, too solid Snow would melt!' Ungrateful of me, for Sir Charles is a rarity and these days one cannot but admire a public figure who not only agrees that he is 'a bit of a hero in the Soviet Union' but admits that he *could* live in a communist society. He also, when questioned about Lindemann, talked some salutary sense about scientists in the Cabinet: one overlord bad but four such fellows good. Visually the programme was amusing, not only for the contrast between the speakers, but because they had the same trick of looking away from each other while chewing the cud aloud and then swinging back towards the other party with the lightly put question or the down-to-earth answer.

I am now on holiday in the island of Sark where television sets are few and ITV is as yet unobtainable. As a consequence, on the evening when I had meant to watch *World of Silence*, the ITV documentary about children born deaf, I was reduced to watching the first of three programmes entitled *Go to Greece*, featuring Johnny Morris. According to the *Radio Times*, 'Seen through Johnny's eyes even the Eiffel Tower, Montmartre, and the Champs Elysées are apt to look strangely different'. To me they looked strangely boring. In fact I could not get the point of this programme. We see Mr Morris setting off at the wheel of his car from the village of Aldbourne, last visible on the television screen under the very different aegis of Betjeman, and he tells us he is bound for 'haunts of coot and Hurn' (the Bournemouth airport). Soon he is looking at the Bayeux Tapestry, a 'beautiful example of the strip cartoon' (fair comment, and those old Normans and Anglo-Saxons were the best thing in the programme). In the Champs Elysées he says: 'It's a job to know where to start.' Of the Eiffel Tower he says: 'I must say there's nothing like a good tower for giving you an odd view of the world.' Always with the same very quiet delivery which suggests some hidden profundity. But when he tries to generalise, the profundities evaporate. Thus, while few would disagree with his statements about the 'cleanliness' of Switzerland, his attribution of the 'uncreativeness' of the Swiss to 'the strong rock-will of the mountains' which made them feel too insignificant to create (*Do* the Swiss think themselves insignificant?) was surely unwise, even if he believed it. People *have* created among mountains. Some Greeks? Some Spaniards? Ibsen?

The continuity also was poor in this programme. Mr Morris's voice ran or rather walked through it and we often saw him (very quiet visually too), or were privileged to look at various roads through his windscreen. But it was hard to believe that these were leading anywhere or that there was any good reason why he should move from A to B. Sometimes some rather feeble gimmicks were employed; a shot of cuckoo clocks in Lucerne reminded him that Greece had got to be gone to. He came over as a pleasant person but was made to fall between the two stools of Funny Man and Ordinary Chap. It was refreshing on the following day to see a perfectly honest little programme about Iceland in BBC's Children's Hour, showing the senior Scouts of Epsom College riding across the uninhabited centre. The camera work here was no more inspired and the narration was pretty flat but the whole thing did hold one's interest. Iceland after all is a very odd country which not many people have seen. The madness of the lava fields was not brought out but we were at least given shots of that magnificent waterfall, Gull Foss, of various hot springs (but how one missed the colour!), and above all of that admirable animal, the Iceland pony, whose peculiarities in gait were carefully demonstrated. And talking of 'rock-will' (or ice-will, if you like), Iceland, *pace* Mr Morris, was also surprisingly creative in her day.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,645 **Set by Cheops**

Competitors are invited to submit three items that might have appeared in a *This England* column in the years 1805, 1814, 1832, 1837, 1848, 1851, 1887, or 1899. Entries by 12 September.

Result of 1642 **Set by A. M. Robertson**

Competitors are invited to write an imaginary conversation between any of the following pairs: Marlborough and Wellington on Montgomery; Disraeli and Gladstone on Attlee; W. G. Grace and Spofforth on Benaud; Wordsworth and Coleridge on W. H. Auden.

Report

Monty and Attlee were the favourite targets – Benaud attracted only one entry, regrettably. Armitage Ware submitted possibly the shortest entry on record: 'Huh, never saw *him* on the playing fields.' The desiderata in such dialogues are (1) To capture the style of each speaker (2) To contrive as many hits on the target as possible (3) To distribute these hits fairly between the speakers (4) Not to lose sight of the target while the speakers score off each other. Only D. Hawes's entry satisfied me on all these counts. He receives two guineas; to the others printed, one guinea each.

Wordsworth and Coleridge on Auden.

W: I think that Mr Auden's words are a selection from the real language of men.

C: It is to that, my dear Wordsworth, that I most powerfully object, for from whose natural language are these words selected? The language of a clever – nay, an intellectual – Oxford undergraduate of the second decade of the 20th century, an undergraduate who has a slight acquaintance with the writings of Marx and Freud and who lacks a universal, timeless philosophy.

W: But does he not convey, in a manly and excited style, the blissful fervour of a young revolutionary of those unhappy, far-off times?

C: Perhaps, perhaps. What, though, of the considerable corpus of verse for which he has been responsible since?

W: It lacks indeed the more specious attractions of his earlier productions; nevertheless, it possesses – like that of my latter years, I might dare add – a solid worth.

C: Is not that last phrase synonymous with dullness?

D. HAWES

Gladstone and Disraeli on Attlee.

G: You wouldn't accuse *him* of being inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity?

D: Far from it. A master of silence rather than of speech. In Cabinet, it appears, he let others talk and then paid them the compliment of appropriating their best ideas.

G: He's always struck me as a cold, colourless man.

D: Perhaps, but being colourless has advantages. One requires no camouflage.

G: It's difficult to see where, precisely, his strength lay.

D: In being thought so weak. He was always underestimated by his rivals. When they came to grapple with him, they found that, by some strange political judo, they were merely wrestling with one another.

G: How will posterity recall him – as a great social legislator?

D: No – as the man who deflated more reputations with an understatement than even I punctured with an epigram.

MARTIN FAGG

Marlborough and Wellington on Montgomery.

M: I confess to relief that he is not Duke of Aldershot and thus joined with us in a triumvirate for all time.

W: God forbid! Can you see us on a gallery wall – your resplendent tricorn, my high-crested fore-and-aft – and him topped with that double-badged, onion-seller's pimple. And yet he has ability.

M: As befits one picked by a Churchill – but he mustered no Napoleon.

W: A damn near thing, that – just won by a nose.

M: But a truly magnificent one, Sir, and I look at this man in vain for such a feature.

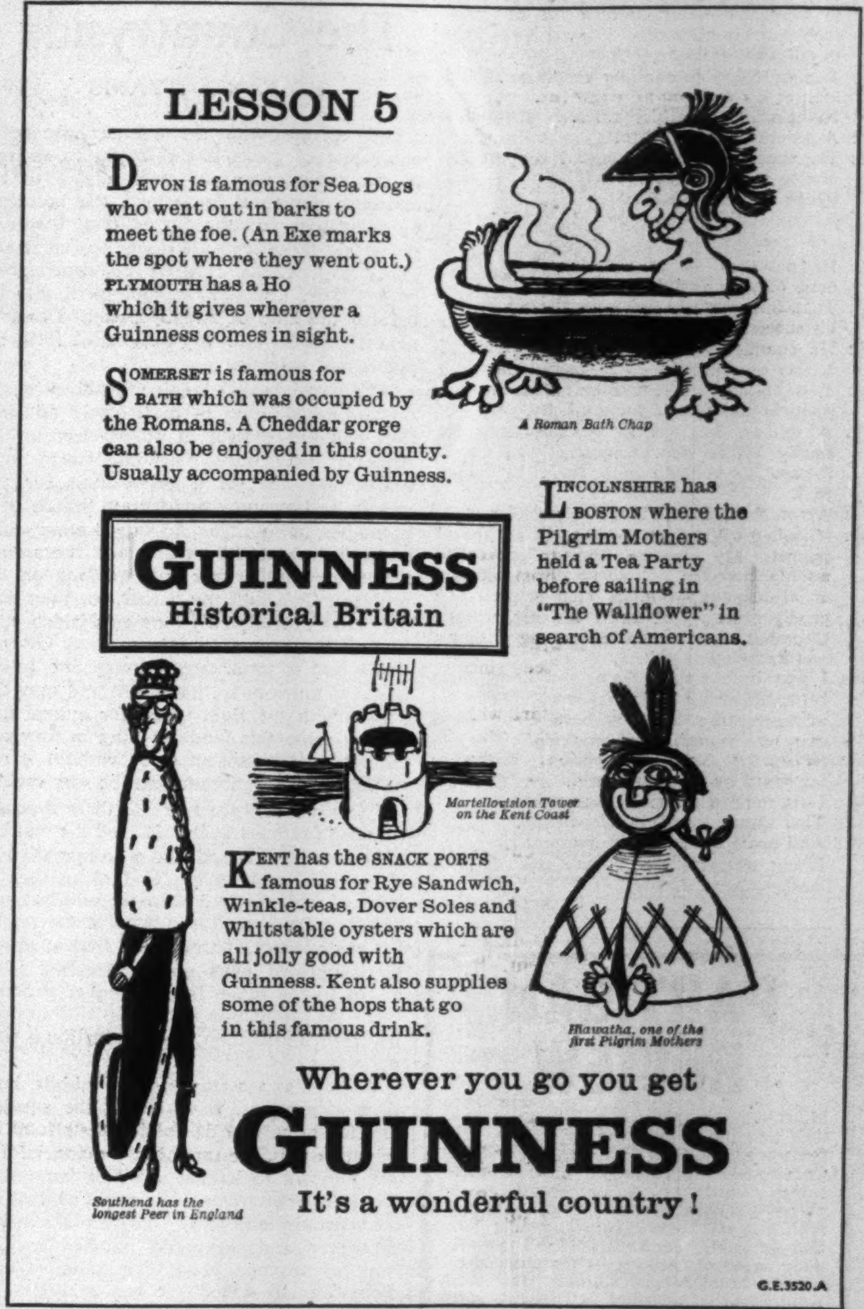
W: I thank you, Sir. I would say he has not your style. The taste to join battle on fields with high names like Ramillies, Blenheim and the rest was quite beyond him. And this vulgar memoir-writing. Could a Churchill ever stoop so low?

M: Excellent weather for the time of year, do you not agree?

LYNDON IRVING

M: Suspecting a battle I went to Alamein myself and hovered over the field, zounds Sir, the turmoil, the muddle, truly the one thing to be said is the man seemed to get all his army going in one direction.

W: No bad thing, Sir, since it was forwards, grant him that. To me, Sir, he appeared to value formation less than information.


LESSON 5

DEVON is famous for Sea Dogs who went out in barks to meet the foe. (An Exe marks the spot where they went out.) PLYMOUTH has a Ho which it gives wherever a Guinness comes in sight.

SOMERSET is famous for BATH which was occupied by the Romans. A Cheddar gorge can also be enjoyed in this county. Usually accompanied by Guinness.

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M: Stap me, you hit it. Pushing his keen nose to every messenger, though for my part, such was his disgraceful apparel 'twas hard to tell who was who.
W: Demme, Sir, I do consider an officer should look to his dress on all occasions.
M: Natheless, he won his battles.
W: A general is expected to.
M: The times are now too nice I suppose for *him* to achieve Grace.
(*Quiet military chuckles*)

L. G. UDALL

M: He possesses all your faults, Arthur, but none of your virtues.
W: That, Sir, seems to epitomise the reason for his success.
M: He completely lacks the very pretence of civility or concord.
W: You betray yourself, John. You are too political and shrewd for my belly.
M: A soldier, Sir, has to consider only the enemy before him. A general has the ill fortune to contend with those behind as well.
W: Agree, then, that he is a lovely soldier.
M: (*Grudgingly*) A man perhaps in an age of puppets. My kinsman Winston could find no Marlborough . . . so he discovered him an abstemious Irishman. That in itself is a prodigiousness that befits the genius of a Churchill. I was schooled among Irishmen and know them well.
W: I was born among them, and know them better. Shew me an Irishman who is capable of temperance, and you have shewn me a man who is capable of anything.
M: (*Wistfully*) Yet his opinions might be improved by a cup of claret.
W: I am minded to drink his health.
M: That should mend my disposition.
W: And abate the agony of my gout.
(*They charge their glasses, and drink in contemplative silence*)

RUSSELL LUCAS

PARTISAN REVIEW

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MACMILLAN

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Only people with the animal husbandry equivalent of green fingers ought to engage in the newest form of stock-raising to be added to our rural industries; the breeding of chinchillas for the fur market. I would guess that those who are doing best at it are either experienced farmers or experienced pet-breeders. I would not attempt it myself, because the kind of attentiveness and awareness it calls for is in my case called forth by plants, not animals.

Not that these engaging Andean rock-rodents are delicate or particularly difficult; they couldn't survive at 10,000 feet in the Andes if they were. They are tough little beasts, but not yet a proposition for the merely well-meaning amateur in search of a profitable hobby; for nobody knows quite certainly how to feed them, and the animal nutrition scientists are still working on the problem. One difficulty is that, for their size, they have exceptionally long guts which must be kept busy on crisp, fibrous food. Given a diet which is insufficiently bulky and tough, however nutritious, they sicken and may die. People with the right touch for animal husbandry sense this kind of thing in time and correct their mistakes; those without it lose valuable stock. Ignorance can be very cruel.

There are between two and three thousand chinchilla farmers in Britain, and the majority of these are organised into a co-operative for mutual aid and advice, and to market the pelts, of which only 5,000 were sold last year. This is such a small number that the English fur trade is not interested, so that at present English-grown pelts go to America to be added to the much larger number produced there. As production rises, pelts will no doubt be handled in Britain; and production is rising quite fast.

Chinchillas are smaller than rabbits, larger than guinea-pigs, have heads like squirrels, and the same way of holding their food in a paw to eat it, the same lively manners. They are pleasant to handle and free from smell. They are vegetarians. Very much at their ease with people they know, they are alarmed by strangers, and inexpertly handled may, by way of revenge, shed their valuable coats. Behaviour in mated life has analogies with our own: put a male in a cage with a single female, and, if she takes against him, she will so harry and bully him that the poor brute's life is not worth living and he probably welcomes the end when she kills him. But put a male into a series of connected cages with several females, and it is he who becomes aggressive and domineering, they who behave humbly and refuse to defend themselves, even when he decides to put one of his harem to death. I daresay Aesop would have made something of this.

The chinchilla's fur is a very beautiful smoky blue-grey, darker on the spine and around it, lighter below. It is also the softest and lightest of all furs. If you part the fur down to the skin you see a white band near the tip of each fur follicle – it is called the 'bar' – and a touch of white near the skin which is the new fur growing up. It grows longer until it is even all over the pelt and the 'bars' coincide. The animal is then 'prime' and must be pelted at once, or there will be months to wait for the next 'prime'. Killing is done with chloroform, an injection, or by breaking the neck. Good pelts are worth from £5 to £15 each. They are made up into capes and stoles or used for trimming other furs, for to make a whole coat you would need 200 skins; but to match them suitably, at least a thousand to choose from. Such a coat would work out much dearer than the best mutation mink; say about £7,000.

As with other livestock, the critical time for the farmer is when the females give birth. They bear from one to five young at a time. If the dam dies in giving birth, the only possible foster-mother for the young is a guinea-pig; or the farmer himself, with a glass dropper.

A good breeding pair of chinchillas costs about £40. But a male known to sire young with superior pelts may cost £150. Pure white mutants, capable of siring young with valuable colour variations, still more. In time careful breeding will, of course, ensure a good, standard pelt. Prospects? Goodish: for what happens when, with rising production matched by rising salaries, mink becomes common? Top ladies must have something better – and chinchilla is about all they can turn to.

City Lights

A STOCKBROKER

It is a cynical reflection that unless expensive labels are put on shares people do not want them. As soon as prices recede, investors rise up like sparrows from a cornfield and take to the woods. At the bottom of a market, when one would hope to see brokers' offices besieged by buyers, a profound stillness reigns, disturbed only by the sound of an occasional shot as another unfortunate terminates his debentures.

This inactivity at the wrong time is not merely because investors have not sold, and therefore have no funds to take advantage of altered circumstance, it owes much to their perennial preoccupation with the word 'growth', a preoccupation forced upon them by brokers and financial commentators alike. The attention paid to price is by comparison negligible, so that when the prospects of growth are called in question and the market falls, the undoubted bargains that are thrown up fail to attract the buying they deserve. A market tends to fall indiscriminately, and one can see shares whose fortunes are not affected showing virtually the same percentage declines as those whose future is in doubt. There are valid reasons for *Tube Investments* having declined from 85s 6d to 64s 9d, but there is nothing of equal significance in the fall of *Barclays Bank* from 89s 7½d to 68s. The investor should be alert to differentiate between a man in a coma and one merely asleep.

I do not mean to imply that Barclays did not rise too high. Earlier this year the majority of prices were looking at the future with the same wild surmise as that of Cortes gazing upon the unclouded Pacific blue, and with markedly less justification. Nevertheless the investor is now confronted with a stock of great stability and investment merit 23 per cent below its high in a market when the unfavourable factors have been made plain for all to see, and which have been appreciably assimilated. Leaving aside the question of war, and there is no point in doing anything else, how much further are Barclays likely to fall? A further 10 per cent would be a sharp decline, and much more would indicate that the cult of equity had lost all its force. If one is prepared to buy Barclays Bank now and again, if necessary 10 per cent below the price, I venture to think that one's average price would be within some 5 per cent of the bottom.

It may be argued that this is a glib exercise, which may be proved ludicrously wrong by future events. But it is surely better to be wrong through buying a good share at a price which has fallen steeply, than through buying on the grounds of assumed growth at a high level which is only protected by that volatile and psychological consideration, the continuing confidence of the investing public.

When we talk of growth stocks, we are indulging in conjecture about the future. We tend to assume that if our estimates are realised prices will rise, and to exclude the effect of sentiment on price. It is this exclusion that causes speculators' faces to blanch and investors' jaws to drop when a company produces results beyond expectation and yet its shares decline.

In present conditions this frequently occurs. The most outstanding example, in my opinion, has been *Scottish & Newcastle Breweries*, by general consensus one of the finest investments in its field. It produced results of a princely magnificence, which were followed by a chairman's statement brimming with confidence and snook-cocking bravura. One might be forgiven for thinking that Throgmorton Street would be invaded by a horde of snuffling predators, but the pearls lie unaccepted in the dust, and the rooters pass by on the other side.

Yet this is a share where conjecture about its growth has been fully realised, and is therefore essentially cheap because its price level is a justification of the past and not a reflection of the future. Its price can hardly fall; it can only drift. The difference is between a ship sinking and a ship becalmed.

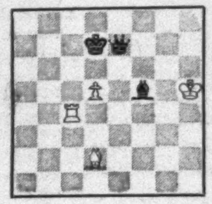
I have referred to growth stocks but this is really a loose phrase which has become an investment cliché and is applied to almost any company when expansion is perceptible. Such stocks may be compared to full grown trees which with good fortune produce year by year an increasing crop. The true growth stock is like the tree itself as it rises from the ground. It has a far greater scope and its growth is absolute, not relative. It is of course infinitely harder to find. One has to seek out a share where expansion is limited only by its productive capacity, which means that one selects a growth stock purely on the grounds of its product, and at a comparatively early stage of its development. It is unfortunately much easier to write decisively than to act successfully, and the quest for this kind of growth is fraught with danger.

The rewards are substantial but the risks are great, and only too often as the hands reach for the golden apple, the feet fly up on the unseen banana skin. Nevertheless the layman investor should take heart because shares of this nature often first reveal themselves to the discerning eye outside the confines of the Stock Exchange. They are quoted but they are not known. The investor should also realise that the case for the finest investments is seldom complex, it is based on some simple affirmation. If at any time in the past ten years you had asked a housewife which was the best store in England she would probably have answered 'Marks & Spencers', and one could have had no finer investment recommendation. A straightforward expression of outside opinion may lead one nearer to the crock of gold than the work of a wagon-load of statisticians.

The Chess Board

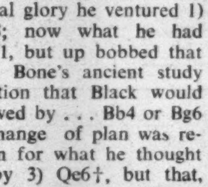
No. 616 Comedy of Errors

As my headline implies, the combinative possibilities of the position to be investigated are somewhat complex, hence we had better start by looking at one premise of the thing, a basic position, as it were. Here it is, a study composed by Bone 118 years ago and, indeed, a classic by dint of being the first interpretation of an idea quite likely to come in handy in practical play. White is to force the draw and does it very neatly by 1) Rc7†,Kc7:; 2) d6†. Now if the King takes the pawn we have Bb4, and . . .Qd6: provides the pretty rejoinder Bf4, with stalemate to follow. No doubt, the Bulgarian master Ciolacov had that study well embedded in his subconscious mind when (White against Ovadia at Sofia 1959) he reached this position. /r3bk1r/1p4pp/pb2p3/3pPp1Q/1P1q2P1/P2B4/3BK2P/2R2R2/. Bent on sacrificial glory he ventured 1) Rf5;†,ef:; 2) Qf5:†,Kg8; now what he had meant to play was 3) Rf1, but up bobbed that subconscious memory of Bone's ancient study and the shocking realisation that Black would win by . . Qd3:†, followed by . . . Bb4 or Bg6 respectively. An instant change of plan was required and White went in for what he thought to be perpetual check by 3) Qe6†, but that, alas, was a grievous error, for after . . . Bf7; 4) Rc8† Black had the crushing riposte . . . Bd8!!; So was the original R-sacrifice all wrong? Not at all, it was quite good enough for a draw if only White had continued 3) Rc8, Rc8:; 4) Qe6†!, and since now, obviously, . . . Bf7 is ruled out Black must play . . Kf8 and accept the perpetual after 5) Of5† etc.



Now here, reported by Kurt Richter in *Schach* is yet another comedy of errors. /7k/5q1kt/2P3RQ/3Pp2P/4P1r1/1p1P2P1/6K1/8/. Black had just played . . . Qf7 and White, innocently considering that cunning move a gesture of resignation continued 1) Rg4:, b2; 2) c7, well aware that the Black Q mustn't take the P on account of 3) Qg6. But Black did better than that: he gave up both his old and his new Queen for a forced stalemate, like this. 2) . . . Qf1+; 3) Kf1:, b1(Q)†, 4) Kf2, Qf1†; 5) Kf1: Was that really necessary? Certainly not. By declining the Greek gift and playing 1) c7! instead White should have won the game. After . . . Qc7: White could have safely grabbed the Rook, . . . b2 once again being ruled out by Qg6.

A: Paul Heuäcker 1961



A (White to play and win) is an endgame study easy enough to rate as 4-pointer for beginners: indeed, it should give them confidence to try their hand at something not quite so primitive, such as **B**, also a win for White. This is a celebrated classic, the point, of course, being to obstruct the Black Rook in his chase of the runaway pawn. While 6 ladder-points for this are quite a bargain, the 7 for **C** may have to be worked for. But it's worth it. White to win. Usual prizes. Entries by 11 September.

B: Henri Rinck: /8/R6K/P6p/8/7p/16/3k3r/.

C: Leonid Kubbel 1939: /8/1p1q4/1P2p1Ktp/1Q1b3p/8/2P1kp2/8/4K3/.

REPORT on No. 613 Set 11 August

A: Qf4!! decides at once.

B: 1) Qa6†, Ka6:; 2) Kc6, Ktf6; 3) b4, any; 4) b5 mate. Or 1) . . . Kb4; 2) Qd3, Ktf6†; 3) Kc6, any; 4) Qb5 mate.

C: 1) Kf5!!, b2; 2) Rd1, Re2; 3) Kf4, Kb7; 4) Kf3, Rh2; 5) Ke3 Kc6; 6) Kd3: Kb5; 7) Kc3, Ka4; 8) Rd7!! etc But 8) Rd8?? would lose against . . . b1(Kt)†; 9) Kc4, Rc2†; followed by . . . Rd2† and the win of the rook. Both 1) Ke5 and 1) Rd3 lead to a loss.

Almost everybody fell for the temptation of Ke5 or Rd3 in **C**. Sole prize winner A. J. Sobey.

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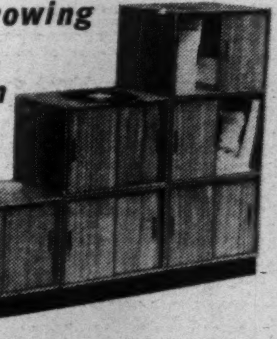

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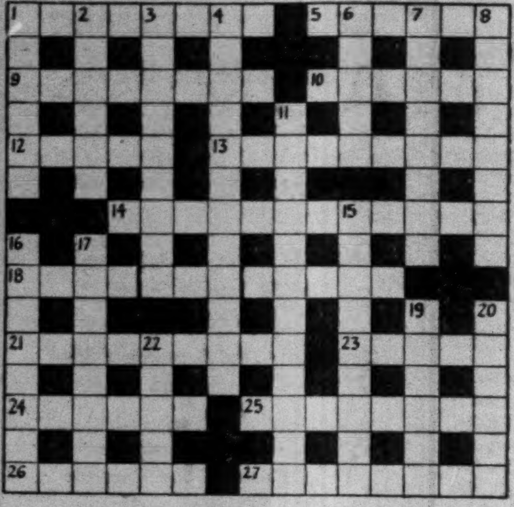


ACROSS

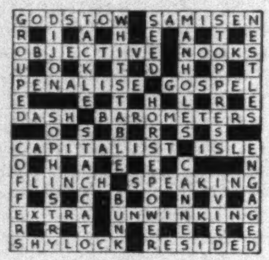
1. Victories concluded by speeds? (8).
5. Confidential remarks as surrounding the flank (6).
9. Relative with payment of relative (8).
10. The cat is one who meditates about nothing (6).
12. Sudden action started by resorts (5).
13. Give a ring and then elope in disguise (9).
14. Planting in half a people (12).
18. See water-containers (4, 3, 5).
21. 'The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes,' she said (9).
23. This supplies pull to gain an honour (5).
24. Tailor hidden in merchants' place (6).
25. Seaside features include one for those first in the field (8).
26. 'The primal —— shine aloft like stars' (Wordsworth) (6).
27. Creature breaking one plate (8).

DOWN

1. Key worker (6).
2. Raid developing out of no raid (6).
3. Excessive interest in one when there is nobody at heart (9).
4. Agonising tendency in the audience (12).
6. Novel in which love comes between science and work (5).
7. The shake of the dice holds the mark of a tyrant (8).
8. Soldier alters range in company (8).
11. Using the same letters makes everything repetitive (12).
15. Payment which is small contained in the end of the surplus (9).
16. Ex-schoolboys better if dim (8).
17. The resolute break the law in the first place (8).
19. Divine messenger with nothing private (6).
20. '—— to her husband, frank to all beside' (Pope) (6).
22. Make free as a relative who loses her head (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 471



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Applications (twelve copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 18 September 1961.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Assistant Children's Officer

APTD Grades IV/V (£1,140-£1,480).

Applications invited from men or women for the post of Assistant Children's Officer. Candidates should be trained social workers with practical experience of the work of a Child Care Officer. They should have administrative and organising ability, and should also be competent to advise on case work. The person appointed will be required to work from Chelmsford and to act as a senior assistant to the Children's Officer, the duties including supervision of Child Care Officers in all aspects of their work except that directly concerned with children in homes and nurseries. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, by 13 September.

CITY OF COVENTRY HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Applications invited for the post of SOCIAL WELFARE OFFICER with the mental health section (scale £665/975 p.a.). Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. £26 addition paid in certain circumstances on salaries up to £795. Applicants should desirably possess a qualification in psychiatric social work, generic case work or social science, or have had experience in social case work. The mental health service is well established and covers the whole range of mental health problems in the community with both adults and children. Duties of this post are with all categories of mentally disordered persons and in particular with subnormal and severely subnormal patients. Case work consultation or supervision available. Application forms and conditions of appointment from Medical Officer of Health, New Council Offices, Coventry, returnable 11 September.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY BOROUGH OF EAST HAM

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST required:

Candidates should (i) hold a degree in Psychology or its equivalent, (ii) have pursued a post-graduate training course in Educational Psychology, and (iii) have had teaching experience. Consideration will be given to applications from students who will complete post-graduate training in 1961.

Salary in accordance with Scale I for Educational Psychologists (Soulbury Award).

Application forms (returnable 15 September 1961) and further particulars from Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, East Ham, London, E6.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTSHIRE

Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for posts of one man and three women Child Care Officers.

Salary within the scale £665 to £975, according to qualifications and experience. Advanced starting point within the scale for persons holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Application forms and full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible.

NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

requires

TWO SENIOR SOCIAL WORKERS

required for three to six months period of in-training at Headquarters in London, thereafter to work in a given geographical region to establish case work service responsible to London HQ. Applicants should be aged 26 to 35, holding recognised qualification in Social Science and have had experience of medico-social work and family case work. Ability to drive a car essential. The National Spastics Society is a large nation-wide charity, with rapidly increasing commitments in education, occupational training, general welfare of spastics and medical research. Its social workers are part of a pioneering team, combining the interests of medicine, education and the mental health of the family, and persons of exceptional quality and foresight, in a developing field, are required.

Apply to the Assistant Director, National Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, London, W1, and mark the application 'Advertisement B'.

DR BARNARDO'S CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, E1

Experienced PSW (Woman) required full-time from 1 October. Good experience amongst deprived children. Car provided. Whitley Scale.

Apply Chief Medical Officer as above. Tel. STEpney Green 3400.

COPY-typists: temporary. 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

requires

TWO CASE WORKERS

required aged 23 to 26, holding recognised qualifications in Social Science. The work entails travel throughout the country from London base, home visiting families of the severely handicapped and reporting on a case work basis for use by a panel of doctors and educationalists. There will be a special training period for this interesting and complex work.

The National Spastics Society is a large nation-wide charity, with rapidly increasing commitments in education, occupational training, general welfare of spastics and medical research. Its social workers are part of a pioneering team, combining the interests of medicine, education and the mental health of the family, and persons of exceptional quality and foresight, in a developing field, are required.

Apply to the Assistant Director, National Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, London, W1, and mark the application 'Advertisement C'.

NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

requires

SENIOR SOCIAL WORKER

aged 26 to 35, holding recognised qualification in Social Science, with experience in medico-social work and family case work.

The work will be divided between administrative duties and case work service and will be permanently based on London, but with opportunities to travel throughout the country.

The National Spastics Society is a large nation-wide charity, with rapidly increasing commitments in education, occupational training, general welfare of spastics and medical research. Its social workers are part of a pioneering team, combining the interests of medicine, education and the mental health of the family, and persons of exceptional quality and foresight, in a developing field, are required.

Apply to the Assistant Director, National Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, London, W1, and mark the application 'Advertisement A'.

INTERVIEWING THE PUBLIC

Market Investigations Limited have vacancies for full-time women INTERVIEWERS to work on interesting and non-routine surveys. Although based on London, the posts will entail considerable travel throughout Great Britain. There are good prospects of promotion either in the training and supervision of other interviewers or in survey administration. Applicants should be single, aged over 20, with a good level of education, preferably to degree standard.

Please write with full details to Mrs Jill Hesketh, Market Investigations Ltd, 1-2 Berners Street, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

requires

SENIOR EDUCATION ASSISTANT

to assist the Projects Secretary at its London Headquarters with the administration of residential schools and centres for handicapped children and adults. Applicants must be prepared to travel fairly widely in England and Wales. A graduate with teaching experience preferred. The NSS is a large nation-wide charity with rapidly increasing commitments in education, occupational training, general welfare of spastics and medical research. The post offers a unique opportunity to specialise in the field of the education of Cerebral Palsied. Starting salary not less than £1,250.

Apply to the Secretary, NSS, 12 Park Crescent, W1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited for a new post of Senior Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prison, Durham. Candidates should possess a Social Science qualification and extensive experience of social work. Salary (as for Senior Probation Officer) £1,075 with four annual increments to £1,195. Seniority is transferable from the Probation Service and pension rights from Civil Service and Local Authority schemes are preserved.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 18 September) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHAMPTON

CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

Applications invited appointment of Psychiatric Social Workers. Clinic associated with Social Casework (generic) Course at Southampton University. Mental Health Certificate necessary.

Students completing training considered.

Apply Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

STC INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES DIVISION

SALES OFFICE

Our Industrial Supplies Division, which provides industrial and commercial undertakings with a wide range of telecommunication equipment, is currently expanding its activities, and TWO vacancies have occurred:

MARKET RESEARCH:

For this position, which will involve the full range of techniques associated with Market Research, a Degree in Economics would be a useful qualification. A technical, (not necessarily formal) background would be desirable, although commercial experience is essential. Candidates should have a knowledge of the structure of industry, statistical and survey techniques.

TECHNICAL WRITING:

Initially, this position would involve the writing of copy for sales literature, and thus a flair for writing would be necessary, combined with a technical background (ONC Telecommunications or equivalent). A particular knowledge of telephone exchange systems would be useful. Later, the holder of this position will be required to produce more technical handbooks for customers, and to make administrative arrangements for exhibitions, together with general publicity liaison.

For both these positions, candidates should be at least 25 years of age.

Salaries are attractive, and the Sales Office is at Footscray, a pleasant residential district, only 13 miles from central London.

Please apply, in confidence, stating age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary to:

W. J. YEOMANS, Personnel Manager,
Standard Telephones & Cables Limited,
Footscray, Sidcup, Kent.

UNITED NATIONS

Interpreters to and from Russian

Candidates must be under 55, with university education and thorough knowledge of Russian plus two of the following languages: Chinese, English, French or Spanish. Candidates will be asked to sit for examination, and may be considered as interpreters or interpreter trainees. Trainees will be trained at United Nations expense.

For further information and application forms write to:

UNITED NATIONS INFORMATION CENTRE
14/15 Stratford Place, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMMISSION FOR THE NEW TOWNS

SECRETARY AND FINANCE OFFICER

The Commission for the New Towns which will come into being on 1 October 1961 will require a Secretary and a Finance Officer. There will be a contributory pension scheme.

The Secretary will be the chief executive officer of the Commission which is charged with taking over, holding, managing and turning to account the property now vested in Development Corporations. The post will demand organising and administrative ability of a high order. Salary £5,000; a higher figure would be considered if warranted by exceptional experience and qualifications.

Applicants for the post of Finance Officer should be Chartered Municipal Treasurers, Chartered or Incorporated Accountants or certified Corporate Accountants, or have equivalent qualifications, and should have a wide and varied experience in commerce or in public service. Salary £4,000; again a higher figure would be considered if warranted.

Applications giving date of birth, education, qualifications and experience should be addressed not later than 15 September to the Chairman-designate, Commission for the New Towns, c/o The Ministry of Housing and Local Government, Whitehall, SW1.

NEW APPROVED SCHOOL

HEADMASTER AND DEPUTY HEADMASTER

required for new approved school in Lothians. School will accommodate 40 boys aged 13 and over. Applicants should be up-to-date in their knowledge on the problems of delinquency and should be prepared to adopt an experimental approach to work with boys who are to be licensed early.

Salaries on the appropriate basic scales. Responsibility payment of headmaster £830. Responsibility payment of deputy headmaster £130 with approved school allowance of £135 and appropriate residential duty allowance. The posts are superannuable.

Applications, on a form obtainable from the Secretary, W. M. Morrison, OBE, 41 Mansionhouse Road, Edinburgh, 9, should be returned to him not later than 8 September.

ASSISTANT EDITOR

for National Professional Weekly

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Editor of 'The SCHOOLMASTER and Woman Teacher's Chronicle', official weekly journal of the National Union of Teachers. Good journalistic experience essential. Knowledge of modern educational ideas and practice desirable. The journal has a paid circulation and sales are through the distributing (newsagents) trade.

The Assistant Editor will undertake general editorial duties, with a variety of writing responsibilities and will deputise for the Editor when necessary. Salary up to £1,350 per annum according to experience. Contributory Superannuation Scheme.

The editorial staff are aware of this advertisement.

Applications, with full particulars of age, experience, etc. endorsed Assistant Editor, should be sent to The Secretary, The Schoolmaster Publishing Co. Ltd, Hamilton House, Hastings Street, London, WC1 not later than 8 September.

SHORTHAND TYPIST

required by

FALKLAND ISLANDS DEPENDENCIES SURVEY

For secretarial duties in the Meteorological Office at Stanley.

Contract for 3 years in first instance. Salary in scale £440 rising to £500 a year. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Local income tax is low. Climate healthy and equable. Opportunities in Stanley for riding, squash and badminton.

Candidates, single, between 22 and 26 must have good secretarial experience with Shorthand/Typing speeds at least 100/60 w.p.m. Accuracy for duties which include figure work is essential.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference M3A/53555/NJ.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary. 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

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perfect filter tip,

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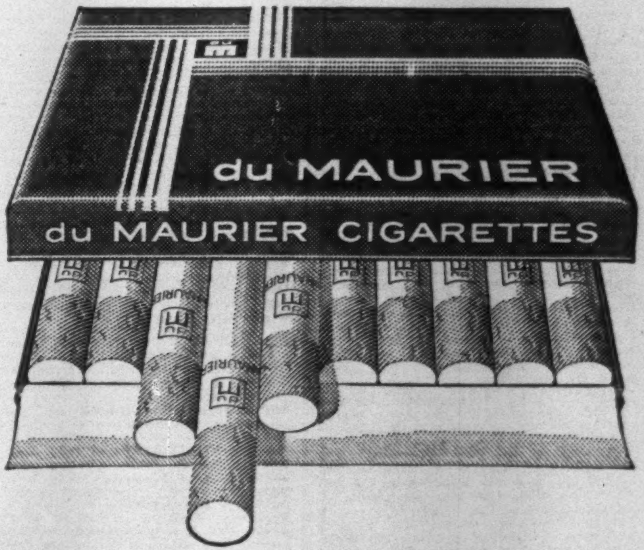

Twenty Exceptional Cigarettes
for 4/6

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARIAL TEACHING

Part-time teacher for Secretarial Subjects in the Sixth Form of Mary Datchelor Girls' School, Camberwell Grove, SE5, required in September.

Hours can be arranged to suit convenience.

Salary according to qualifications.

Apply to the Head Mistress at the School.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Department of Tutorial Classes. Applications are invited for the following positions in the Department of Tutorial Classes: (1) Assistant Director, (2) Staff-Tutor – Western Region. Applicants for these positions must possess an Honours degree in Arts or Economics and have had previous experience in the field of Adult Education. Salary for the Assistant Director will be £A3,300 per annum, and for the Staff Tutor within the range £A1,730 x 105-£2,435 per annum, the commencing salary within this range to be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. In each case, cost of living adjustments (at present amounting to £A49 p.a.) will be allowed, and the salary will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 9 October 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Oriental Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The successful applicant will be required to teach Chinese language and history. A knowledge of Japanese will be an additional qualification. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105-£2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A49 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 13 October 1961

AUSTRALIAN National University. Institute of Advanced Studies. Research Fellowship in Linguistics. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship in Linguistics in the Department of Anthropology and Sociology. (Head of Department: Professor J. A. Barnes). The Research Fellow will be expected to be familiar with descriptive and comparative linguistics and to be prepared to specialise in linguistics of the New Guinea area and to undertake field work there. The salary range for Research Fellows is £A1,625-£A2,450, with increments of £A75 per annum; initial salary will depend on qualifications and experience. Appointment is for three years, with possible extension to a maximum of five years. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Reasonable travel expenses are paid and assistance with housing is provided. Further details should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 6 October 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the History of Art. Candidates should be University graduates with experience in the field of textiles. The successful applicant will primarily be concerned not only with lecturing on the history of textiles, but with all aspects of administration, display and organisation for study purposes of the large existing collection of historical textiles in the Whitworth Art Gallery, and with the expansion of these collections into the field of modern and contemporary textiles, since the aim of the appointment is to further the creation of a comprehensive re-organisation of the Gallery, an unusual and exciting prospect with full opportunities for academic promotion is open to a candidate with drive and imagination. Salary scale: £800 to £950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 11 September 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

PART-time woman History tutor required W1. Box 5290.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts of Lecturer in Town and Country Planning. Applicants must be graduates in Planning or in an allied subject and be corporate members of the Town Planning Institute. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme; initial salary according to qualifications and practical experience. Applications should be sent not later than 30 September 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence for Women Students. Applications are invited from women graduates for the appointment of Tutor (part-time) of the Mary Worthington Wing (about 60 residents), with board and residence and an honorarium of £100 per session. The part-time nature of the duties makes the post particularly suitable for graduates wishing to pursue research. Duties to begin 5 October 1961, or such later date as may be arranged. Applications to be submitted not later than 18 September should be addressed to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom detailed particulars may be obtained.

CRICHTON Royal Hospital, Dumfries. Applications are invited from Psychiatric Social Workers or Social Workers, for the post of Research Assistant in a project under the general title 'Mental Hospital and Community: the Study of a Rural Area'. This research, financed by the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust, is concerned primarily with a socio-psychiatric survey of patients discharged from a mental hospital to a rural area. The appointment will be for 2-2½ years: the present team includes a full-time psychiatrist and a secretary. Transport provided. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience. Applications with names of referees to Dr J. Harper, Crichton Royal Hospital, Dumfries, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Assistant (Graduate) to the Curator, Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23, preferably with museum experience and with qualifications in history of music and anthropology required for period of about a year during absence on leave of permanent assistant curator (musicologist). Salary within range £900 to £1,150. Further information as to duties from Curator. Forms from Education Officer (Estab. 2/N/2298/9), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 18 Sept.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

RESIDENT Warden required for Wilson House, 38-76 Sussex Gardens, London, W2. This Hall of Residence has accommodation for 200 men and women students. Candidates should have a University degree or appropriate experience. Applications will be welcomed from retired members of HM Forces. Salary £1,250 x £100 – £1,650, together with children's allowance and superannuation. Maisonette provided. Application form and further particulars should be obtained from the Secretary, St Mary's Hospital Medical School, Paddington, W2, to whom the form should be returned by 25 September 1961.

APPLICATIONS invited for woman Psychiatric Social Worker to Psychiatric Unit. In-Patients and large Out-Patients Department and child psychiatric clinic. Case work, experience with parents an advantage. Case conferences and team work in all departments. Should hold Mental Health Certificate or comparable qualification. Apply at once to Assistant Secretary, Westminster Hospital, SW1.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications for post of Advisory Officer at its Midland Regional Office centred on Birmingham. Organising and administrative experience essential. Social Science qualification an advantage. Starting salary up to £960 according to qualifications and experience. Must be able to drive car. Particulars and application form from 26 Bedford Square, WC1. Closing date for applications 15 September 1961.

SOCIAL and Welfare Officer (Male, 25-40) required for College of Advanced Technology in London. Duties will include visiting lodgings and maintaining lodgings lists, assistance in administering sports facilities and Students' Union, etc. Salary scale £600 p.a. x £40 – £900 p.a. A commencing salary above the minimum possible for similar previous experience. Pensionable. Further particulars and application form from the Secretary, Northampton College, St John Street, London, EC1.

MAGDALEN College Club, 83 Werrington Street, London, NW1. Warden required for mixed club and community. Salary scale £900 x 50 – £1,350. Self-contained furnished flat with heating and lighting provided free on club premises. Details from Hon. Secretary, to whom application should be made by 19 September 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Occupational Therapist required, young adult spastic centre purpose built department. Assembly work, printing, domestic science. Salary Whitley Council plus special Honorarium London Weighting. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications (age 40-50) for early appointment as Head of its Youth Department, & Secretary of Standing Conference of National Voluntary Youth Organisations. Genuine interest in Youth Service essential. Starting salary up to £1,450 according to qualifications and experience. Further details and application form from 26 Bedford Square, WC1. Closing date for applications 15 September 1961.

CHILD Psychotherapist (Protestant) required 4 sessions weekly at the Child Guidance Clinic, Dr Barnardo's Homes, Barkingside, Essex. (Consultant Dr Elizabeth Whatley). £2 15s. 6d. per session. Apply: Chief Medical Officer, 18-26 Stepney Causeway, E1.

INTERESTING post for married woman to deal with socio-medical enquiries at The Family Planning Association near Knightsbridge. Simple book-keeping essential, 9.30 till 5, no Sats. £442 x £26 p.a. Apply: 64 Sloane Street, SW1.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Librarian to Labour Party. Duties include selection and organisation of library of books, pamphlets, photographs and periodicals (Congress classification); running of extensive press-cuttings collection; supervision of staff of six; and reference work. Applicants should be Associates of Library Association and familiar with reference or special library methods. Successful applicant required to be/become member of Labour Party. Salary £800-£980, 5-day week, superannuation scheme. Application forms from Administrative Officer, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to be returned not later than Monday 11 September.

LITERARY Institute library requires part-time clerical assistant from 25 September. 11.30 a.m. to 2 p.m., preferably 5 days weekly during term. Library experience and typing ability desirable but less important than interest in books and adult education. About £3 weekly depending on age and experience. Apply Principal, (Estab. 2/N/2429/8), City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, WC2.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service has vacancies for long term volunteers willing to offer at least one year's service on a maintenance and pocket money basis. Postal enquiries are invited from those with qualifications in social work, youth work, child care, teaching, medicine, nursing, physiotherapy, architecture, structural engineering and masonry. Successful applicants will be invited to serve in one of the following regions: Asia, Africa, the Mediterranean Area and Latin America. Write IVS, 72 Oakley Sq., London NW1.

THE Shenker Institute has vacancies for well-educated men to teach English in Rome and other places in Italy. The work is specialised and training is given, teaching experience not essential. Some positions will involve touring small centres by car. Initial contract to 1 June with possibility of renewal. Applicants will be interviewed in London in September. Write fully to: The Shenker Institute, Via Boezio, 7, Rome.

EDUCATION Secretary/Personal Assistant required by professional organisation to be chiefly responsible for examinations and to assist in other educational and committee work. Shorthand and typing. Age 23 or over. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing to Assistant General Secretary, Advertising Association, 1 Bell Yard, WC2.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Principal of Bristol Old Vic Theatre School. Applicants should be knowledgeable about all aspects of the theatre and be experienced in teaching and administration. Letters marked 'Principal' should be sent to the Old Vic Theatre, Waterloo Road, SE1.

CONRAN Design Group are looking for very competent designers for interiors, exhibitions and other projects. Good visualising and sound working drawings absolutely essential. Age 22/30. Ring John Stephenson LANgham 4233 for details.

RESIDENT post offered in small International Centre for girl students to cheerful, responsible, adaptable, youngish woman as Personal Assistant to the Principal & his wife. Driving an advantage. One month's paid holiday per annum. Good remun. Pax Hill, Bentley, Farnham, Surrey.

CAPABLE Personal Secretary required by Principals of small international educational establishment. Interest in people essential. Book-keeping an advantage. Pleasant atmosphere. Good salary to right person. Residence prefd. One month's paid holiday per annum. Surrey/Hants border. Box 5276.

SECRETARIES: attractive jobs are offered by a leading professional body for secretaries and secretary shorthand-typists, including one senior and responsible post. Applications with details of age, experience etc. to the Chief Clerk, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Organiser (5 day week) required at Presbyterian Settlement, 58 East India Dock Road, Poplar, E14. Busy office, interesting work, 2 part-time Assistants. Apply: The Warden.

ENGLISH Master wanted for French boarding school near Chantilly. Good grasp of spoken French essential. Year begins 15 September. Time allowed for study in Paris (easy access). Apply Box 5200.

CIRCULATION Manager required to undertake important export drive for leading British Export Magazine. He or she should have interest and experience in the promotion field and preferably have knowledge of French, German and/or Italian. Write fully to Box 5316.

WEST End Concert Agency requires Senior Assistant who likes meeting people; shorthand-typing and administrative experience essential. Apply Box 5390.

YOUNG Architects starting an office req. an ideal secretary. Box 5392.

SECRETARY willing to teach shorthand wanted by expanding West End school – must be adaptable and good organiser. Part or full-time. Good starting salary. No Saturdays. Box 5170.

APPLICATIONS invited for interesting post with West End art gallery. Impeccable shorthand/typing, good handwriting, aptitude for figures and knowledge of French an advantage. Box 5312.

SOCIETY for Education Through Art, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1: urgently reqs part-time secretary/treasurer. Apply letter first instance.

SECRETARY 23/30 for director Advertising Agency, W1. Sal. £12/£15. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY, 47, educated, travelled, full secretarial qualifications, able to take responsibility, seeks interesting post. Whole- or part-time. Box 5268.

SOCIAL worker (f.), mid-thirties, wishing serve Mammon for a change, seeks remunerative post Oxfordshire. Own car, do anything. Box 5318.

YOUNG man, 28, seeks interesting and progressive employment, preferably Cardiff area. Lifelong interests: world affairs, literature and music. Box 5264.

CAMBRIDGE mathematician, 23, with teaching experience reqs work in London. Evening classes considered. Box 5219.

GERMAN shorthand-typist, 24, good English, seeks London position where Anglo-German fluency would be useful. Ring GRO. 2544 or write Box 5323.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SEPTEMBER 'Labour Monthly', Special TUC Number. Sydney Silverman MP: Signpost – To Where?; Will Paynter: The Coal Situation; R. Palme Dutt: Gulliver's New Travels; F. J. Gore: Crisis in Civil Aviation. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'CONGO Tribes and Parties'. Pamphlet on ethno-political background. RAI (NS), 21 Bedford Sq., WC1. 5s. 4d. p.f.

A. & N. The Army & Navy Stores Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from the Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

WANTED, autographed letters and manuscripts of Marx, Engels & Lenin, also first editions Marx, Engels in German, English & Russian. First editions Lenin in Russian. Good prices paid. C. Abramsky Ltd, 5 Hillway, London, N6.

IRVING Theatre. Lge collection Souvenir Programmes & Stage Photos for sale. D.P.C., Suite 1B, 16 John Adam St, WC2.

PARTNERSHIP in small current affairs mag. for sale to intelligent hardworking writer 20-25. Price £35. Box 5333.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club. 12 Soho Sq., W1.

THE European Bookshop opens Monday, 4 September, at 127 Regent Street, W1.

THE High Hill Bookshop is now at No. 6 Hampstead High Street (6 doors below old premises) with more space and books. Approx. 2,250 paperback titles in stock. HAM. 2218.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaur., White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

COURSES etc.—continued from p.292

UNIVERSITY of London. Weekly University Extension Lectures. 'The Eighteenth Century – Age of Unreason?' (a study of William Blake) (20 lectures) at the Warburg Institute, Thursdays 6.30 p.m. Begins 5 Oct. Fee 25s. 'Eccentricities in Heraldry' 12 lectures at Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre, University College London. Tuesdays 6.45 p.m. Begins 3 Oct. Fee 20s. 'Palaeography' 24 lectures at Senate House. Tuesdays 6.30 p.m. Begins 10 Oct. Fee 30s. 'Palaeography and Local Records' 24 lectures at St Marylebone Literary Institute. Tuesdays 7 p.m. Begins 26 Sept. Fee 16s. 'English History: A Survey' 24 lectures at University College London. Mondays 6.30 p.m. Begins 2 Oct. Fee 30s. 'The Study of English Local History' 24 lectures at Goldsmiths College. Wednesdays 6.30 p.m. Begins 4 Oct. Fee 24s. 'Later Modern European History: 1648 to the Present Day' 24 lectures at Senate House. Fridays 6.30 p.m. Begins 6 Oct. Fee 24s. All enquiries regarding University Extension courses should be made to the Deputy Director (Extension) Department of Extra-Mural Studies (NS). University of London, Senate House, London, WC1. Booklets for London, Essex, Hertfordshire & Middlesex, and Surrey courses now available free on application.

HUMANIST Action weekend conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, 15-17 Sept. Richard Clements: The Social Role of a Humanist Movement; Miss D. A. G. Watts: Voluntary help in the Youth Service; Dr Cyril Bibby: Science in Education; Paul Cherrington: The Humanist Parent; Jay Blumler: Is Socialism relevant To-day? Fee 70s.; from Saturday p.m., 36s. 6d. Details from Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

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GERMAN lessons (special tuition for singers): Viennese teacher. MAIda Vale 4583. After 7 p.m.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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YOUNG businesswoman seeks unfurnished room, with civilised facilities and access West End. Box 5261.

STUDENT (f.) seeks room or share flat (not family) London. The White House, Croydon Road, Reigate. Reigate 3339.

CULTURED Guianese/English couple, baby, req. flat. Excell. refs. Box 5299.

CHEAP flats and rooms with cooking facilities required for students. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Owen, Royal College of Art, South Kensington, SW7.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONABLE young man 22, highly educated, prospective medical student, widely travelled, seeks interesting creative work for one year. London. Own car; avail. all times. Anything considered. Box 5241.

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DIVORCE: If you think as I do that these Courts need reform write in confidence to Mrs Richardson, 'Dowsings', Shop Lane, East Mersea, Essex.

PRIVATE Provincial Art Gallery wish to buy moderately-priced paintings. Inquiries invited from artists. Box 5301.

ITALIAN lady teaches French and Italian. Translating; typist. Box 5238.

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HUMANISTS – there may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union (G), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

PERSONAL—continued

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FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

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PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

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SAVILLE. TEM. 4011. 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 6.15 & 8.50. Joan Sims, Ronnie Stevens, Millicent Martin, The Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . .! 'Thunderous applause – side-splitting'. Daily Herald.

TOWER, N1. Autumn season opens with Beckett's 'Endgame'. 28-30 Sept. Book now CAN. 3475.

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AMATEUR Rep. reqs experienced Actors and Actresses (Character and Juvenile) also set designers, for Autumn Season. Casting in progress. The Entertainer, Four One Act Plays by Tennessee Williams, The Playboy Of The Western World, The Tunnel Of Love, The Old Ladies, The White Devil (250th Production), Come Closer and Look (New Play). Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

CONCERTS

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Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
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Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

MUSIC by Virgil Thomson, a lunchtime recorded concert including Stabat Mater; String Quartet No. 2; Arcadian songs and dances from 'Louisiana Story'. American Embassy theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 7 September, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 3 Sept.: Jacques Tati in 'Mon Oncle' (U). From 4 Sept.: A. Guinness, P. Sellers in 'The Ladykillers' (U).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season – Sundays only until 10 Sept. 6 p.m. Soviet Ballet film of Shakespeare's Othello (U). 8.30 p.m. Bolshoi prod. Tchaikovsky's opera Queen of Spades (U). All seats bookable. WATerloo 3191.

SCR regrets that the Garden Party announced for 3 Sept. has been cancelled.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Three new prints. Monet: Boats at Etretat, Gainsborough: The Painter's Daughters, Bratby: Its roots will break my studio floor. On view at 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. Illustrated catalogue 2s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION
Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.
Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat, 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Sun., 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition: Paintings and drawings by George Romney, 1734-1802. Until Sept. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2-7. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, 2 to 30 Sept. Adm 1s., Children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 26 Young Sculptors. Until 7 October 1961. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. ICA Library – Ulrico Schettini until 23 September. Free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Contemporary Art Society: An exhibition of recent acquisitions. 7 to 17 September. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary Exhibition, lectures and films by the specialised schools and homes for children in need of special care at Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Rd, London, NW1, on 8 & 9 Sept. 1961 from 10 a.m.-9 p.m. 10s. per day or 2s. 6d. per lecture. Adm. to exhibition free.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Floral Arrangements Exhibition arranged by Flower Arrangement Association of London and Overseas. 28, 29, 30 Sept. 10-5. Adm. free.

SENEFELDER Group. Arts Council Gallery. 4 St James's Square, SW1. 2-23 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto, Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

MOLTON Gallery. Duncan: Paintings. 7-30 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2482.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 11 September. Six Flemish Painters – in co-operation with Galerie de la Madeleine, Brussels. Sculptures by Rummel.

PAINTINGS by Brian Rodwell; during September. Archer Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W11. 10-1, 2-6. Closed Suns.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays 10-1 p.m. Old Masters.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art', Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise, Part II, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Jasper Rose, Clara Salvatori, Wendy Sparks: Paintings. 21 Aug. to 9 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Saturdays 10-12. New London Situation.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Old Masters at under £200. (second Edition). 9.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: Jankel Adler. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

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ATV's 'Forum' ends its present series on Sunday, 17 September. The remaining debates have been recorded and further audiences will not be required. 'Forum' thanks all who have attended the debates and contributed to the success of the programme.

Details of concerts to be held at the Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 in October are as follows:

4 Oct. COURT DANCES OF WESTERN EUROPE
15th to 18th Centuries. Domenico Dance Ensemble. Maxwell Ward, Viola d'amore. Desmond Dupré, Guitar. Costumes by Doreen Brown.

11 Oct. MUSIC AND DANCING AT THE COURT OF THE MEDICIS
Nathalie Dolmetsch with her Medici Dancers and Musicians.

18 Oct. HARPS AND HARPERS
Mary Rowland and Nansi Richard-Jones.

25 Oct. NORTH INDIAN CLASSICAL MUSIC
Played on various instruments by N. A. Jairazbhoy and Alastair Dick on the Tabla.

The concerts begin at 7.45 p.m. Admission is free and seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments will be available in the museum tea-room 7-7.40 p.m.

Bus services: 12, 176, 185 (Pass the museum) 63, 124, 171, 186, 194.
Railway station: Forest Hill (Southern Region).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. R. H. S. Crossman, MP, on 'Signposts for the Sixties'. 7.30, Wed. 6 Sept., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Dets of Soc.: Sec., 52 Charleville Rd, W14.

PROGRAMME for Autumn: for details of lectures, discussions, social activities of the Progressive League, send s.a.e. to Mrs Pope, 45 Claremont Road, E7.

BERLIN. Emergency Conference Sat. 2 Sept., Caxton Hall, 2.30-7.30. Tea 5-6 p.m. Speakers: Michael Howard, Ralph Schoenman, Raymond Fletcher. Chairman: Geo. Clark. Westminster CND. FRE. 2183.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 7 Sept. 'What is Honour?'. Admission free.

A DEBATE: 'That this House believes that the Atlantic Ocean should be widened'. The New Jewish Society, Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1, on Wed., 6 Sept. at 8 p.m.

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'ASPECTS of Quaker Education', speaker, Hugh W. Maw. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Sunday 3 Sept. at 6.30 p.m.

'MEMOIRS of a Music Critic' a lecture by Virgil Thomson, American composer and critic. American Embassy theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 6 September, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

'ALCOHOLICS Anonymous', Sec. A.A. Public Lecture, Leighton House, Kensington. 7 Sept. 8 p.m.

'LIFE, Death and Immortality'. Public lecture. 3 Sept., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

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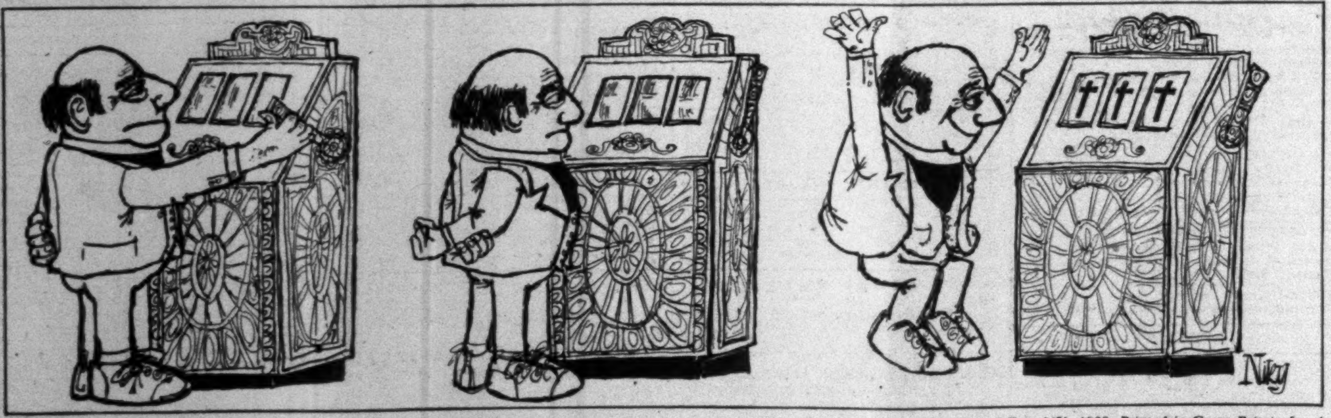
COURSES etc.—continued on p.291



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